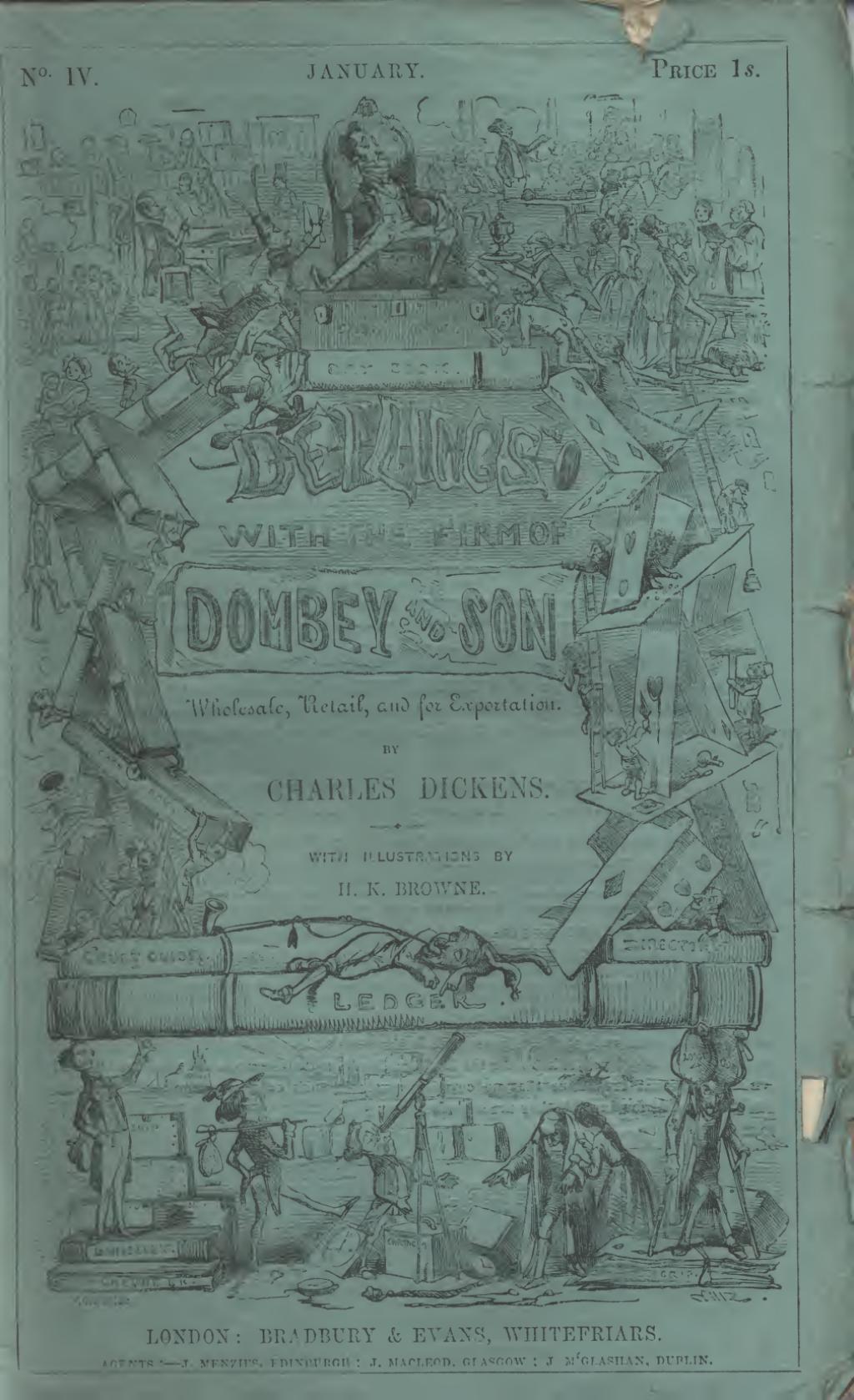


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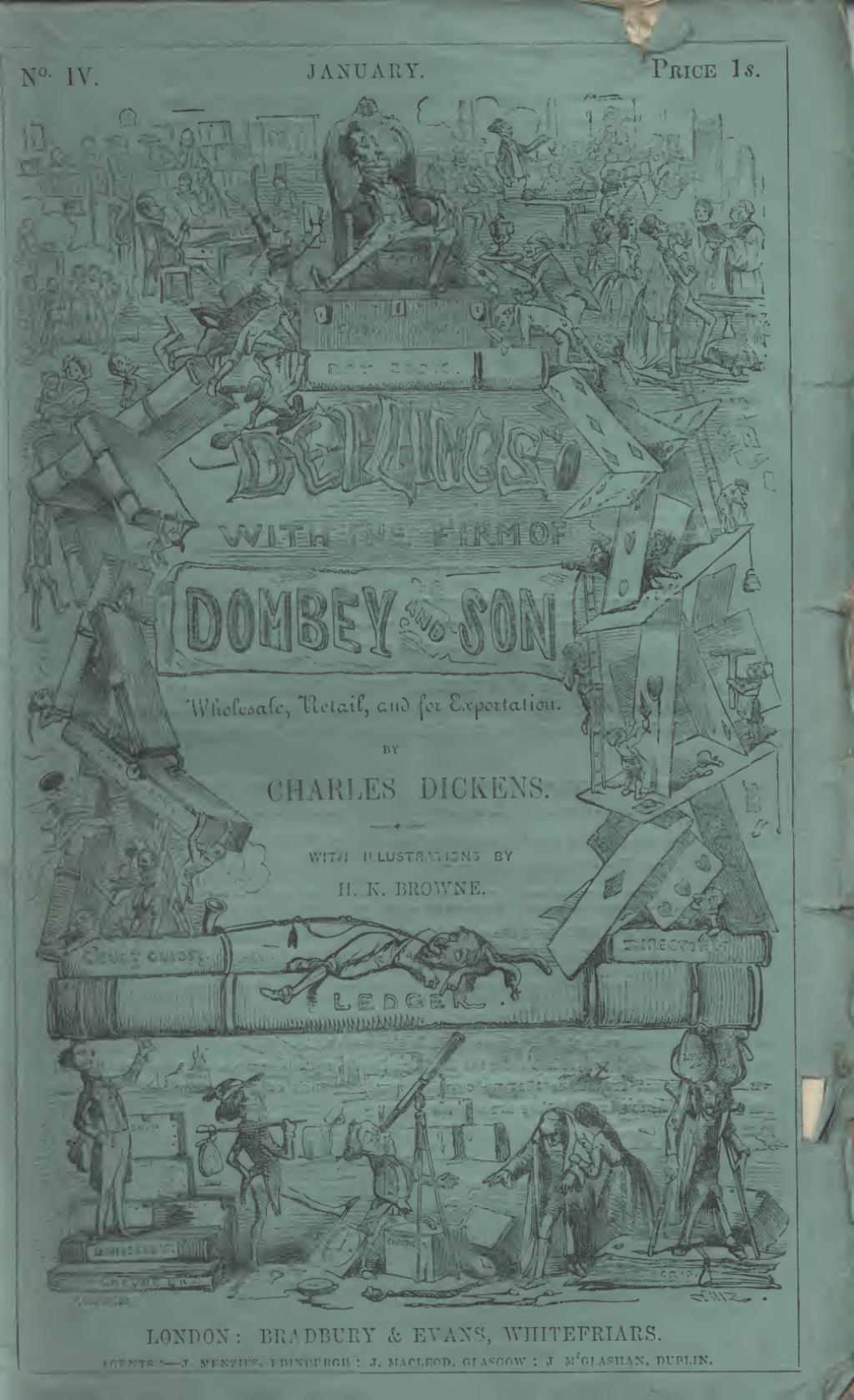
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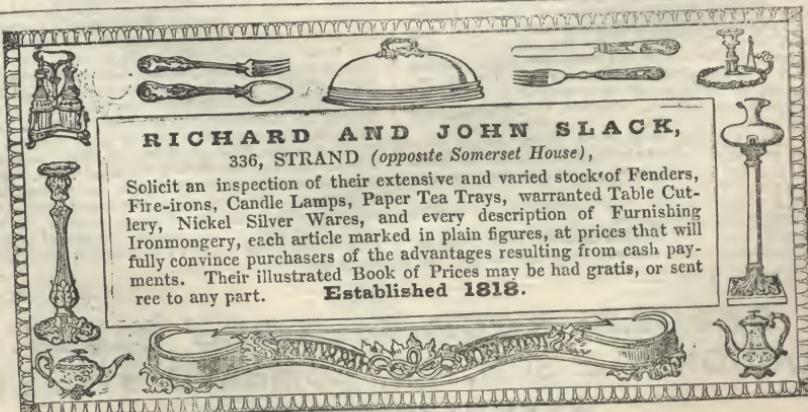
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A Remedy for all Disorders of the Pulmonary Organs—in Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient Consumption (of which Cough is the most positive indication) they are of unrivaled efficacy. In Asthma, and in Winter Cough, they have been seldom known to fail.

Copy of a Letter from Colonel Hawker, the well-known Author on Guns and Pistols.

Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants. October 21st, 1846.

SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

P. HAWKER.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOS. KEATING, CHEMIST, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's-churchyard.

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A new plan of Accumulative Assurance, by depositing instead of paying Premiums, thus:—

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Deferred Annuities, to commence at any specified age, granted either with or without return of the Premiums, in case the age at which the annuity is to commence is not attained.

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UMBRELLAS.

W. & J. SANGSTER,

Manufacturers to H. R. H. Prince Albert,
Beg to submit their following List of Prices:—
Cotton Umbrellas, for servants, 2s. each.
Gingham ditto, whalebone ribs, 5s. to 7s. 6d.
Ditto do. do., for carriage or chaise,
9s. 6d., to 15s.

Silk do., cane ribs, from 7s.
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Ditto ditto Best quality, partridge canes, 21s.
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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Riding Whips, silver and
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Portmanteau Umbrellas, of various kinds, for Tourists.

CANES FOR RIDING, HUNTING, OR WALKING, IN GREAT VARIETY.

140, REGENT STREET; 94, FLEET STREET; & 10, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

STOOPING OF THE SHOULDERS & CONTRACTION OF THE CHEST

Are entirely prevented, and gently and effectually removed in Youth, and Ladies and Gentlemen, by the occasional use of the

IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER,
which is light, simple, easily applied, either above or beneath
the dress, and worn without any uncomfortable constraint or
impediment to exercise. To Young Persons especially it is
highly beneficial, immediately producing an evident IMPROVEMENT in the FIGURE, and tending greatly to prevent
the incursion of PULMONARY DISEASES; whilst to the Invalid,
and those much engaged in sedentary pursuits, such as
Reading or Studying, Working, Drawing, or Music, it is found
to be invaluable, as it expands the Chest and affords a great
support to the back. It is made in Silk; and can be forwarded,
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THE GENTLEMAN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, or INVISIBLE PERUKE.

The principle upon which this Peruке is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruquian Art, at the establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-ST.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

Round the head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose

From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required

From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the head to where the Hair grows

As dotted 1 to 1.	Inches.	Eighths
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THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10s.



Brown 4s. 6d. per bottle,
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10s. per doz. large bottles
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exclusive of carriage from
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“THE STANDARD OF COGNAC,”

WHICH IS THE BEST FOREIGN BRANDY.

THE PATENT BRANDY, AND THE GENUINE SELTERS WATER,
protected by the Patent Metallic Capsule, the only sure and self-evident safeguard against adulteration, can be obtained throughout the Kingdom at the respective prices above mentioned, or at
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THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

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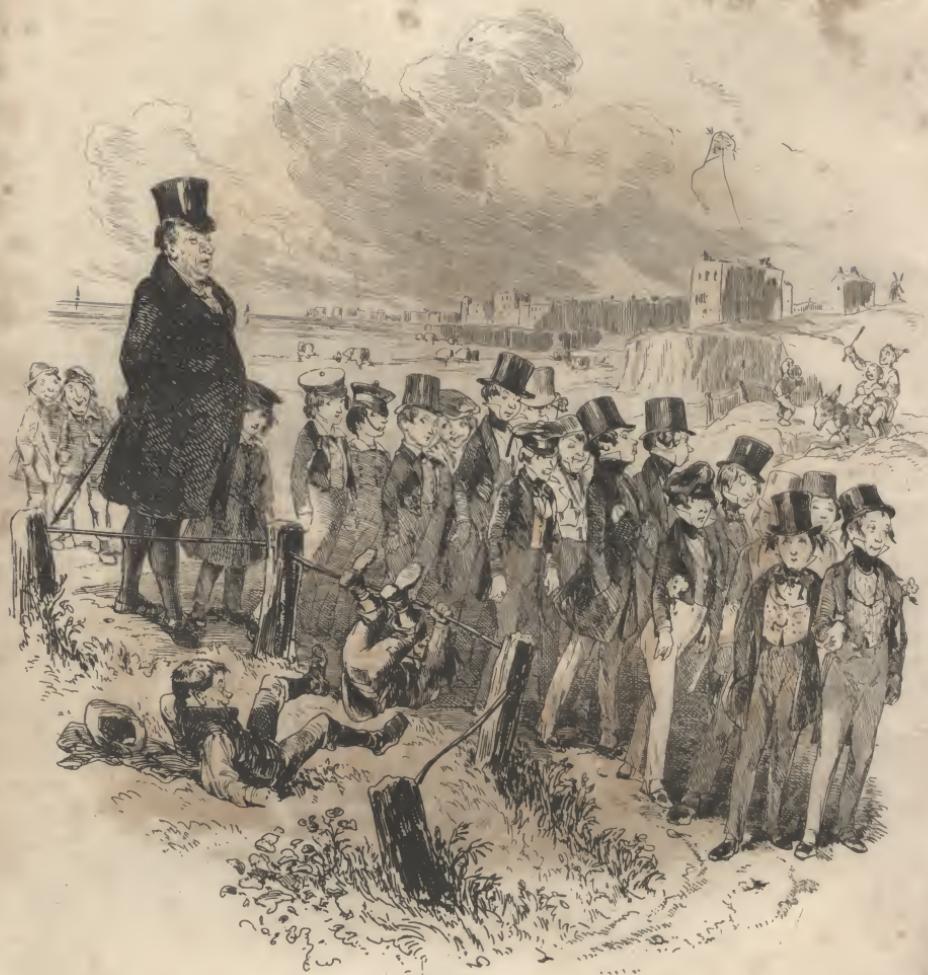
The Proprietors of the above Establishment beg leave to call the attention of the Nobility and Ladies to its great utility. It has ever been a source of inconvenience and regret, on occasions when Mourning Attire has been required, that its purchasers have at such a time been compelled to the painful necessity of proceeding from shop to shop in search of each distinct article of dress. This may be completely obviated by a visit to the London General Mourning Warehouse, where every description of Paramatta, Alapine, Bombasin, Merino, and Crapé, for Mourning Dresses, Gloves, Hosiery, and Haberdashery, can be bought on the most reasonable terms, and where everything necessary for a complete Outfit of Mourning may be had, and made up, if required, by experienced Artistes, with the strictest attention to taste, elegance, and economy. Widows' and Family Mourning is always kept made up, so that Ladies may by a Note, descriptive of Mourning required (either for themselves or household), have it forwarded to them in Town or Country immediately. Silks for slight or Complimentary Mourning, Printed Muslin Dresses, Mousseline de Laines, Barèges, and Evening Dresses, in the greatest variety.

THE MILLINERY ROOMS

contain a beautiful assortment of Millinery, Head Dresses, Flowers, Crapé and Muslin Collars, Berthes, &c., with every description of Jewellery for Mourning.

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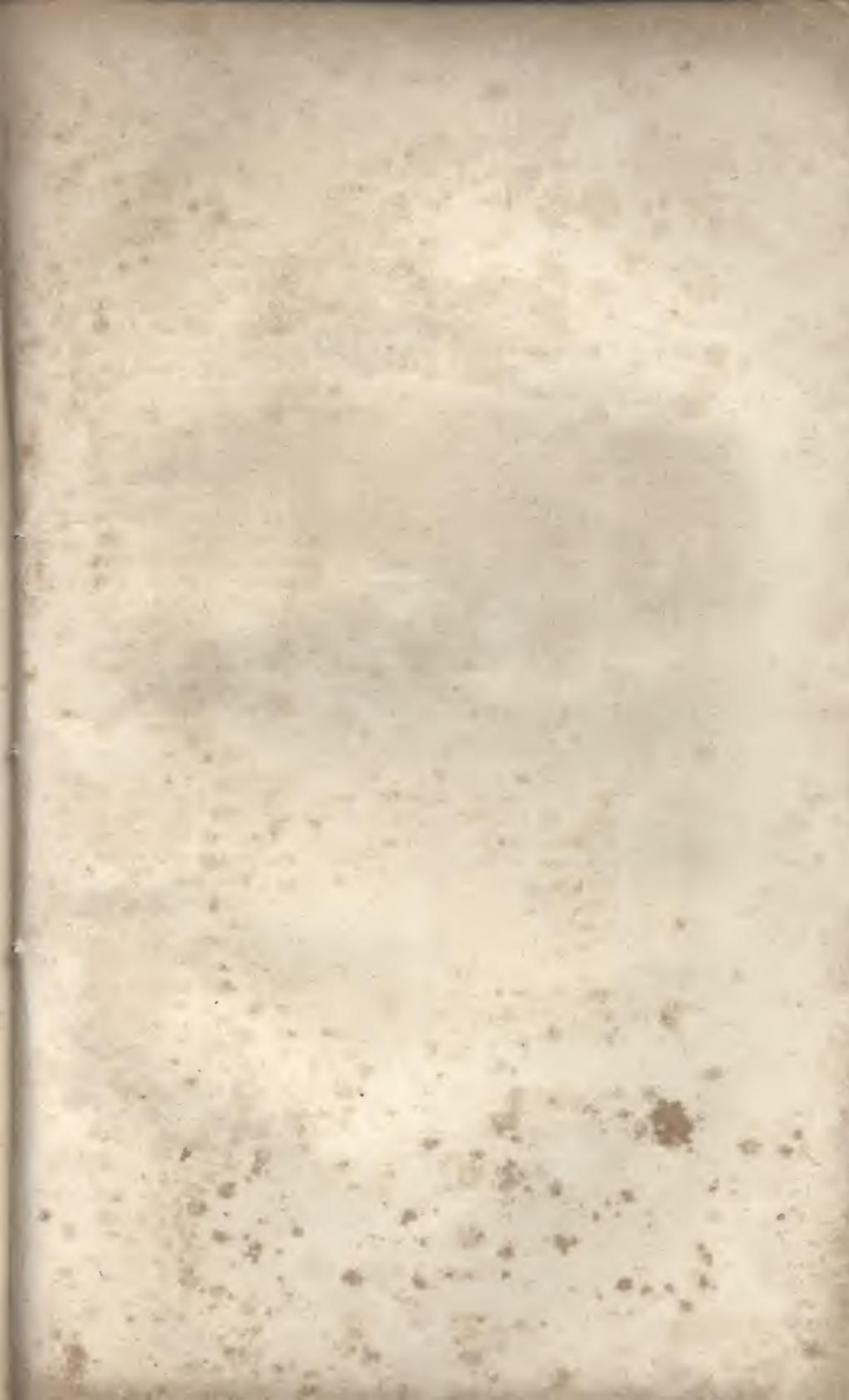




Doctor Blimber's Young Gentlemen as
they appeared when enjoying themselves.



Ecus envoies.



CHAPTER XI.

PAUL'S INTRODUCTION TO A NEW SCENE.

MRS. PIPCHIN's constitution was made of such hard metal, in spite of its liability to the fleshly weaknesses of standing in need of repose after chops, and of requiring to be coaxed to sleep by the soporific agency of sweetbreads, that it utterly set at naught the predictions of Mrs. Wickam, and showed no symptoms of decline. Yet, as Paul's rapt interest in the old lady continued unabated, Mrs. Wickam would not budge an inch from the position she had taken up. Fortifying and entrenching herself on the strong ground of her uncle's Betsey Jane, she advised Miss Berry, as a friend, to prepare herself for the worst; and forewarned her that her aunt might, at any time, be expected to go off suddenly, like a powder-mill.

Poor Berry took it all in good part, and drudged and slaved away as usual; perfectly convinced that Mrs. Pipchin was one of the most meritorious persons in the world, and making every day innumerable sacrifices of herself upon the altar of that noble old woman. But all these immolations of Berry were somehow carried to the credit of Mrs. Pipchin, by Mrs. Pipchin's friends and admirers; and were made to harmonise with, and carry out, that melancholy fact of the deceased Mr. Pipchin having broken his heart in the Peruvian mines.

For example, there was an honest grocer and general dealer in the retail line of business, between whom and Mrs. Pipchin there was a small memorandum book, with a greasy red cover, perpetually in question, and concerning which divers secret councils and conferences were continually being held between the parties to the register, on the mat in the passage, and with closed doors in the parlour. Nor were there wanting dark hints from Master Bitherstone (whose temper had been made revengeful by the solar heats of India acting on his blood), of balances unsetled, and of a failure, on one occasion within his memory, in the supply of moist sugar at tea-time. This grocer being a bachelor and not a man who looked upon the surface for beauty, had once made honourable offers for the hand of Berry, which Mrs. Pipchin had, with contumely and scorn, rejected. Everybody said how laudable this was in Mrs. Pipchin, relict of a man who had died of the Peruvian mines; and what a staunch, high, independent spirit, the old lady had. But nobody said anything about poor Berry, who cried for six weeks (being soundly rated by her good aunt all the time), and lapsed into a state of hopeless spinsterhood.

"Berry's very fond of you, ain't she?" Paul once asked Mrs. Pipchin when they were sitting by the fire with the cat.

"Yes," said Mrs. Pipchin.

"Why?" asked Paul.

"Why!" returned the disconcerted old lady. "How can you ask such things, Sir! why are you fond of your sister Florence?"

"Because she's very good," said Paul. "There's nobody like Florence."

"Well!" retorted Mrs. Pipchin shortly, "and there's nobody like me, I suppose."

"Ain't there really though?" asked Paul, leaning forward in his chair, and looking at her very hard.

"No," said the old lady.

"I am glad of that," observed Paul, rubbing his hands thoughtfully. "That's a very good thing."

Mrs. Pipchin didn't dare to ask him why, lest she should receive some perfectly annihilating answer. But as a compensation to her wounded feelings, she harassed Master Bitherstone to that extent until bed-time, that he began that very night to make arrangements for an overland return to India, by secreting from his supper a quarter of a round of bread and a fragment of moist Dutch cheese, as the beginning of a stock of provision to support him on the voyage.

Mrs. Pipchin had kept watch and ward over little Paul and his sister, for nearly twelve months. They had been home twice, but only for a few days; and had been constant in their weekly visits to Mr. Dombey at the hotel. By little and little Paul had grown stronger, and had become able to dispense with his carriage; though he still looked thin, and delicate; and still remained the same old, quiet, dreamy child, that he had been when first consigned to Mrs. Pipchin's care. One Saturday afternoon, at dusk, great consternation was occasioned in the castle by the unlooked-for announcement of Mr. Dombey as a visitor to Mrs. Pipchin. The population of the parlour was immediately swept up-stairs as on the wings of a whirlwind, and after much slamming of bedroom doors, and trampling overhead, and some knocking about of Master Bitherstone by Mrs. Pipchin, as a relief to the perturbation of her spirits, the black bombazeen garments of the worthy old lady darkened the audience-chamber where Mr. Dombey was contemplating the vacant arm-chair of his son and heir.

"Mrs. Pipchin," said Mr. Dombey, "How do you do?"

"Thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Pipchin, "I am pretty well, considering."

Mrs. Pipchin always used that form of words. It meant, considering her virtues, sacrifices, and so forth.

"I can't expect, Sir, to be very well," said Mrs. Pipchin, taking a chair, and fetching her breath; "but such health as I have, I am grateful for."

Mr. Dombey inclined his head with the satisfied air of a patron, who felt that this was the sort of thing for which he paid so much a quarter. After a moment's silence he went on to say:

"Mrs. Pipchin, I have taken the liberty of calling, to consult you in reference to my son. I have had it in my mind to do so for some time past; but have deferred it from time to time, in order that his health might be thoroughly re-established. You have no misgivings on that subject, Mrs. Pipchin?"

"Brighton has proved very beneficial, Sir," returned Mrs. Pipchin. "Very beneficial, indeed."

"I purpose," said Mr. Dombey, "his remaining at Brighton."

Mrs. Pipchin rubbed her hands, and bent her grey eyes on the fire.

"But," pursued Mr. Dombey, stretching out his forefinger, "but possibly that he should now make a change, and lead a different kind of life here. In short, Mrs. Pipchin, that is the object of my visit. My son is getting on, Mrs. Pipchin. Really, he is getting on."

There was something melancholy in the triumphant air with which Mr. Dombey said this. It shewed how long Paul's childish life had been to

him, and how his hopes were set upon a later stage of his existence. Pity may appear a strange word to connect with any one so haughty and so cold, and yet he seemed a worthy subject for it at that moment.

"Six years old!" said Mr. Dombey, settling his neckcloth—perhaps to hide an irrepressible smile that rather seemed to strike upon the surface of his face and glance away, as finding no resting place, than to play there for an instant. "Dear me, six will be changed to sixteen, before we have time to look about us."

"Ten years," croaked the unsympathetic Pipchin, with a frosty glistening of her hard grey eye, and a dreary shaking of her bent head, "is a long time."

"It depends on circumstances," returned Mr. Dombey; "at all events, Mrs. Pipchin, my son is six years old, and there is no doubt, I fear, that in his studies he is behind many children of his age—or his youth," said Mr. Dombey, quickly answering what he mistrusted was a shrewd twinkle of the frosty eye, "his youth is a more appropriate expression. Now, Mrs. Pipchin, instead of being behind his peers, my son ought to be before them; far before them. There is an eminence ready for him to mount upon. There is nothing of chance or doubt in the course before my son. His way in life was clear and prepared, and marked out, before he existed. The education of such a young gentleman must not be delayed. It must not be left imperfect. It must be very steadily and seriously undertaken, Mrs. Pipchin."

"Well, Sir," said Mrs. Pipchin, "I can say nothing to the contrary."

"I was quite sure, Mrs. Pipchin," returned Mr. Dombey, approvingly, "that a person of your good sense could not, and would not."

"There is a great deal of nonsense—and worse—talked about young people not being pressed too hard at first, and being tempted on, and all the rest of it, Sir," said Mrs. Pipchin, impatiently rubbing her hooked nose. "It never was thought of in my time, and it has no business to be thought of now. My opinion is 'keep 'em at it.'"

"My good madam," returned Mr. Dombey, "you have not acquired your reputation undeservedly; and I beg you to believe, Mrs. Pipchin, that I am more than satisfied with your excellent system of management, and shall have the greatest pleasure in commanding it whenever my poor commendation"—Mr. Dombey's loftiness when he affected to disparage his own importance, passed all bounds—"can be of any service. I have been thinking of Dr. Blimber's, Mrs. Pipchin."

"My neighbour, Sir?" said Mrs. Pipchin. "I believe the Doctor's is an excellent establishment. I've heard that it's very strictly conducted, and that there's nothing but learning going on from morning to night."

"And it's very expensive," added Mr. Dombey.

"And it's very expensive, Sir," returned Mrs. Pipchin, catching at the fact, as if in omitting that, she had omitted one of its leading merits.

"I have had some communication with the Doctor, Mrs. Pipchin," said Mr. Dombey, hitching his chair anxiously a little nearer to the fire, "and he does not consider Paul at all too young for his purpose. He mentioned several instances of boys in Greek at about the same age. If I have any little uneasiness in my own mind, Mrs. Pipchin, on the subject of this change, it is not on that head. My son not having known a mother has gradually concentrated much—too much—of his childish

affection on his sister. Whether their separation—" Mr. Dombey said no more, but sat silent.

" Hoity-toity ! " exclaimed Mrs. Pipchin, shaking out her black bombazine skirts, and plucking up all the ogress within her. " If she don't like it, Mr. Dombey, she must be taught to lump it." The good lady apologised immediately afterwards for using so common a figure of speech, but said (and truly) that that was the way *she* reasoned with 'em.

Mr. Dombey waited until Mrs. Pipchin had done bridling and shaking her head, and frowning down a legion of Bitherstones and Pankeys; and then said quietly, but correctively, " He, my good madam; he."

Mrs. Pipchin's system would have applied very much the same mode of cure to any uneasiness on the part of Paul, too; but as the hard grey eye was sharp enough to see that the recipe, however Mr. Dombey might admit its efficacy in the case of the daughter, was not a sovereign remedy for the son, she argued the point; and contended that change, and new society, and the different form of life he would lead at Doctor Blimber's, and the studies he would have to master, would very soon prove sufficient alienations. As this chimed in with Mr. Dombey's own hope and belief, it gave that gentleman a still higher opinion of Mrs. Pipchin's understanding; and as Mrs. Pipchin, at the same time, bewailed the loss of her dear little friend (which was not an overwhelming shock to her, as she had long expected it, and had not looked, in the beginning, for his remaining with her longer than three months), he formed an equally good opinion of Mrs. Pipchin's disinterestedness. It was plain that he had given the subject anxious consideration, for he had formed a plan, which he announced to the ogress, of sending Paul to the Doctor's as a weekly boarder for the first half year, during which time Florence would remain at the castle, that she might receive her brother there, on Saturdays. This would wean him by degrees, Mr. Dombey said: probably with a recollection of his not having been weaned by degrees on a former occasion.

Mr. Dombey finished the interview by expressing his hope that Mrs. Pipchin would still remain in office as general superintendent and overseer of his son, pending his studies at Brighton; and having kissed Paul, and shaken hands with Florence, and beheld Master Bitherstone in his collar of state, and made Miss Pankey cry by patting her on the head (in which region she was uncommonly tender, on account of a habit Mrs. Pipchin had of sounding it with her knuckles, like a cask), he withdrew to his hotel and dinner: resolved that Paul, now that he was getting so old and well, should begin a vigorous course of education forthwith, to qualify him for the position in which he was to shine; and that Doctor Blimber should take him in hand immediately.

— Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had, always ready, a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical goose-

berries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes, under Doctor Blimber's cultivation. Every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was not the right taste about the premature productions, and they didn't keep well. Moreover, one young gentleman, with a swollen nose and an excessively large head (the oldest of the ten who had "gone through" everything), suddenly left off blowing one day, and remained in the establishment a mere stalk. And people did say that the Doctoer had rather overdone it with young Toots, and that when he began to have whiskers he left off having brains.

There young Toots was, at any rate ; possessed of the gruffest of voices and the shrillest of minds ; sticking ornamental pins into his shirt, and keeping a ring in his waistcoat pocket to put on his little finger by stealth, when the pupils went out walking ; constantly falling in love by sight with nurserymaids, who had no idea of his existence ; and looking at the gas-lighted world over the little iron bars in the left hand corner window of the front three pairs of stairs, after bed-time, like a greatly overgrown cherub who had sat up aloft much too long.

The Doctoer was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished ; a deep voice ; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Insomueh, that when the Doctoer put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and with his other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation to a nervous stranger, it was like a sentiment from the sphynx, and settled his business.

The Doctoer's was a mighty fine house, fronting the sea. Not a joyful style of house within, but quite the contrary. Sad-coloured curtains, whose proportions were spare and lean, hid themselves despondently behind the windows. The tables and chairs were put away in rows, like figures in a sum ; fires were so rarely lighted in the rooms of ceremony, that they felt like wells, and a visitor represented the bucket ; the dining-room seemed the last place in the world where any eating or drinking was likely to occur ; there was no sound through all the house but the tickling of a great clock in the hall, which made itself audible in the very garrets ; and sometimes a dull crying of young gentlemen at their lessons, like the murmurings of an assemblage of melancholy pigeons.

Miss Blimber, too, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul.

Mrs. Blimber, her mama, was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented. It was the steady joy of her life to see the Doctor's young gentlemen go out walking, unlike all other young gentlemen, in the largest possible shirt collars, and the stiffest possible cravats. It was so classical, she said.

As to Mr. Feeder, B. A., Doctor Blimber's assistant, he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. He might have been fitted up with a change of barrels, perhaps, in early life, if his destiny had been favourable; but it had not been; and he had only one, with which, in a monotonous round, it was his occupation to bewilder the young ideas of Doctor Blimber's young gentlemen. The young gentlemen were prematurely full of carking anxieties. They knew no rest from the pursuit of stoney-hearted verbs, savage noun-substantives, inflexible syntactic passages, and ghosts of exercises that appeared to them in their dreams. Under the forcing system, a young gentleman usually took leave of his spirits in three weeks. He had all the cares of the world on his head in three months. He conceived bitter sentiments against his parents or guardians, in four; he was an old misanthrope, in five; envied Quintius Curtius that blessed refuge in the earth, in six; and at the end of the first twelvemonth had arrived at the conclusion, from which he never afterwards departed, that all the fancies of the poets, and lessons of the sages, were a mere collection of words and grammar, and had no other meaning in the world.

But he went on, blow, blow, blowing, in the Doctor's hothouse, all the time; and the Doctor's glory and reputation were great, when he took his wintry growth home to his relations and friends.

Upon the Doctor's door-steps one day, Paul stood with a fluttering heart, and with his small right hand in his father's. His other hand was locked in that of Florence. How tight the tiny pressure of that one; and how loose and cold the other!

Mrs. Pipchin hovered behind the victim, with her sable plumage and her hooked beak, like a bird of ill-omen. She was out of breath—for Mr. Dombey, full of great thoughts, had walked fast—and she croaked hoarsely as she waited for the opening of the door.

"Now, Paul," said Mr. Dombey exultingly. "This is the way indeed to be Dombey and Son, and have money. You are almost a man already."

"Almost," returned the child.

Even his childish agitation could not master the sly and quaint yet touching look, with which he accompanied the reply.

It brought a vague expression of dissatisfaction into Mr. Dombey's face; but the door being opened, it was quickly gone.

"Doctor Blimber is at home, I believe?" said Mr. Dombey.

The man said yes; and as they passed in, looked at Paul as if he were a little mouse, and the house were a trap. He was a weak-eyed young man, with the first faint streaks or early dawn of a grin on his countenance. It was mere imbecility; but Mrs. Pipchin took it into her head that it was impudence, and made a snap at him directly.

"How dare you laugh behind the gentleman's back?" said Mrs. Pipchin. "And what do you take me for?"

"I ain't a laughing at nobody, and I'm sure I don't take you for nothing, Ma'am," returned the young man, in consternation.

"A pack of idle dogs!" said Mrs. Pipchin, "only fit to be turnspits. Go and tell your master that Mr. Dombey's here, or it'll be worse for you!"

The weak-eyed young man went, very meekly, to discharge himself of this commission; and soon came back to invite them to the Doctor's study.

"You're laughing again, Sir," said Mrs. Pipchin, when it came to her turn, bringing up the rear, to pass him in the hall.

"I ain't," returned the young man, grievously oppressed. "I never see such a thing as this!"

"What is the matter, Mrs. Pipchin?" said Mr. Dombey, looking round. "Softly! Pray!"

Mrs. Pipchin, in her deference, merely muttered at the young man, as she passed on, and said, "Oh! he was a precious fellow"—leaving the young man, who was all meekness and incapacity, affected even to tears by the incident. But Mrs. Pipchin had a way of falling foul of all meek people; and her friends said who could wonder at it, after the Peruvian mines!

The Doctor was sitting in his portentous study, with a globe at each knee, books all round him, Homer over the door, and Minerva on the mantel-shelf. "And how do you, Sir," he said to Mr. Dombey, "and how is my little friend?" Grave as an organ was the Doctor's speech; and when he ceased, the great clock in the hall seemed (to Paul at least) to take him up, and to go on saying 'how, is, my, lit, tle, friend, how, is, my, lit, tle, friend,' over and over and over again.

The little friend being something too small to be seen at all from where the Doctor sat, over the books on his table, the Doctor made several futile attempts to get a view of him round the legs; which Mr. Dombey perceiving, relieved the Doctor from his embarrassment by taking Paul up in his arms, and sitting him on another little table, over against the Doctor, in the middle of the room.

"Ha!" said the Doctor, leaning back in his chair with his hand in his breast. "Now I see my little friend. How do you do, my little friend?"

The clock in the hall wouldn't subscribe to this alteration in the form of words, but continued to repeat 'how, is, my, lit, tle, friend, how, is, my, lit, tle, friend!'

"Very well, I thank you, Sir," returned Paul, answering the clock quite as much as the Doctor.

"Ha!" said Dr. Blimber. "Shall we make a man of him?"

"Do you hear, Paul?" added Mr. Dombey; Paul being silent.

"Shall we make a man of him?" repeated the Doctor.

"I had rather be a child," replied Paul.

"Indeed!" said the Doctor. "Why?"

The child sat on the table looking at him, with a curious expression of suppressed emotion in his face, and beating one hand proudly on his knee as if he had the rising tears beneath it, and crushed them. But his other hand strayed a little way the while, a little farther—farther from him yet—until it lighted on the neck of Florence. 'This is why,' it seemed to say, and then the steady look was broken up and gone; the working lip was loosened; and the tears came streaming forth.

"Mrs. Pipchin," said his father, in a querulous manner, "I am really very sorry to see this."

"Come away from him, do, Miss Dombey," quoth the matron.

"Never mind," said the Doctor, blandly nodding his head, to keep Mrs. Pipchin back. "Never mind; we shall substitute new cares and new impressions, Mr. Dombey, very shortly. You would still wish my little friend to acquire—

"Everything, if you please, Doctor," returned Mr. Dombey, firmly.

"Yes," said the Doctor, who, with his half-shut eyes, and his usual smile, seemed to survey Paul with the sort of interest that might attach to some choice little animal he was going to stuff. "Yes, exactly. Ha! We shall impart a great variety of information to our little friend, and bring him quickly forward, I dare say. I dare say. Quite a virgin soil, I believe you said, Mr. Dombey?"

"Except some ordinary preparation at home, and from this lady," replied Mr. Dombey, introducing Mrs. Pipchin, who instantly communicated a rigidity to her whole muscular system, and snorted defiance beforehand, in case the Doctor should disparage her; "except so far, Paul has, as yet, applied himself to no studies at all."

Dr. Blimber inclined his head, in gentle tolerance of such insignificant poaching as Mrs. Pipchin's, and said he was glad to hear it. It was much more satisfactory, he observed, rubbing his hands, to begin at the foundation. And again he leered at Paul, as if he would have liked to tackle him with the Greek alphabet, on the spot.

"That circumstance, indeed, Doctor Blimber," pursued Mr. Dombey, glancing at his little son, "and the interview I have already had the pleasure of holding with you, renders any further explanation, and consequently, any further intrusion on your valuable time, so unnecessary, that—"

"Now, Miss Dombey!" said the acid Pipchin.

"Permit me," said the Doctor, "one moment. Allow me to present Mrs. Blimber and my daughter, who will be associated with the domestic life of our young Pilgrim to Parnassus. Mrs. Blimber," for the lady, who had perhaps been in waiting, opportunely entered, followed by her daughter, that fair Sexton in spectacles, "Mr. Dombey. My daughter Cornelia, Mr. Dombey. Mr. Dombey, my love," pursued the Doctor, turning to his wife, "is so confiding as to—do you see our little friend?"

Mrs. Blimber, in an access of politeness, of which Mr. Dombey was the object, apparently did not, for she was backing against the little friend, and very much endangering his position on the table. But, on this hint, she turned to admire his classical and intellectual lineaments, and turning again to Mr. Dombey, said, with a sigh, that she envied his dear son.

"Like a bee, Sir," said Mrs. Blimber, with uplifted eyes, "about to plunge into a garden of the choicest flowers, and sip the sweets for the first time. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Terence, Plautus, Cicero. What a world of honey have we here. It may appear remarkable, Mr. Dombey, in one who is a wife—the wife of such a husband—"

"Hush, hush," said Doctor Blimber. "Fie for shame."

"Mr. Dombey will forgive the partiality of a wife," said Mrs. Blimber, with an engaging smile.

Mr. Dombey answered "Not at all :" applying those words, it is to be presumed, to the partiality, and not to the forgiveness.

"—And it may seem remarkable in one who is a mother also," resumed Mrs. Blimber.

"And such a mother," observed Mr. Dombey, bowing with some confused idea of being complimentary to Cornelia.

"But really," pursued Mrs. Blimber, "I think if I could have known Cicero, and been his friend, and talked with him in his retirement at Tusculum (beau-ti-ful Tusculum!), I could have died contented."

A learned enthusiasm is so very contagious, that Mr. Dombey half believed this was exactly his case; and even Mrs. Pipchin, who was not, as we have seen, of an accommodating disposition generally, gave utterance to a little sound between a groan and a sigh, as if she would have said that nobody but Cicero could have proved a lasting consolation under that failure of the Peruvian Mines, but that he indeed would have been a very Davy-lamp of refuge.

Cornelia looked at Mr. Dombey through her spectacles, as if she would have liked to crack a few quotations with him from the authority in question. But this design, if she entertained it, was frustrated by a knock at the room-door.

"Who is that?" said the Doctor. "Oh! Come in, Toots; come in, Mr. Dombey, Sir." Toots bowed. "Quite a coincidence!" said Doctor Blimber. "Here we have the beginning and the end. Alpha and Omega. Our head boy, Mr. Dombey."

The Doctor might have called him their head and shoulders boy, for he was at least that much taller than any of the rest. He blushed very much at finding himself among strangers, and chuckled aloud.

"An addition to our little Portico, Toots," said the Doctor; "Mr. Dombey's son."

Young Toots blushed again; and finding, from a solemn silence which prevailed, that he was expected to say something, said to Paul, "How are you?" in a voice so deep, and a manner so sheepish, that if a lamb had roared it couldn't have been more surprising.

"Ask Mr. Feeder, if you please, Toots," said the Doctor, "to prepare a few introductory volumes for Mr. Dombey's son, and to allot him a convenient seat for study. My dear, I believe Mr. Dombey has not seen the dormitories."

"If Mr. Dombey will walk up stairs," said Mrs. Blimber, "I shall be more than proud to show him the dominions of the drowsy God."

With that, Mrs. Blimber, who was a lady of great suavity, and a wiry figure, and who wore a cap composed of sky-blue materials, proceeded up stairs with Mr. Dombey and Cornelia; Mrs. Pipchin following, and looking out sharp for her enemy the footman.

While they were gone, Paul sat upon the table, holding Florene by the hand, and glancing timidly from the Doctor round and round the room, while the Doctor, leaning back in his chair, with his hand in his breast as usual, held a book from him at arm's length, and read. There was something very awful in this manner of reading. It was such a determined, unimpassioned, inflexible, cold-blooded way of going to work. It left the Doctor's countenance exposed to view; and when the Doctor smiled auspiciously at his author, or knit his brows, or shook his head and made wry faces at him, as much as to say, 'Don't tell me, Sir. I know better,' it was terrible.

Toots, too, had no business to be outside the door, ostentatiously examining the wheels in his watch, and counting his half-crowns. But that didn't last long; for Dr. Blimber, happening to change the position of his tight plump legs, as if he were going to get up, Toots swiftly vanished, and appeared no more.

Mr. Dombey and his conductress were soon heard coming down stairs again, talking all the way; and presently they re-entered the Doctor's study.

"I hope, Mr. Dombey," said the Doctor, laying down his book, "that the arrangements meet your approval.

"They are excellent, Sir," said Mr. Dombey.

"Very fair, indeed," said Mrs. Pipchin, in a low voice; never disposed to give too much encouragement.

"Mrs. Pipchin," said Mr. Dombey, wheeling round, "will, with your permission, Doctor and Mrs. Blimber, visit Paul now and then."

"Whenever Mrs. Pipchin pleases," observed the Doctor.

"Always happy to see her," said Mrs. Blimber.

"I think," said Mr. Dombey, "I have now given all the trouble I need, and may take my leave. Paul, my child," he went close to him, as he sat upon the table. "Good bye."

"Good bye, Papa."

The limp and careless little hand that Mr. Dombey took in his, was singularly out of keeping with the wistful face. But he had no part in its sorrowful expression. It was not addressed to him. No, no. To Florence—all to Florence.

If Mr. Dombey in his insolence of wealth, had ever made an enemy, hard to appease and cruelly vindictive in his hate, even such an enemy might have received the pang that wrung his proud heart then, as compensation for his injury.

He bent down over his boy, and kissed him. If his sight were dimmed as he did so, by something that for a moment blurred the little face, and made it indistinct to him, his mental vision may have been, for that short time, the clearer perhaps.

"I shall see you soon, Paul. You are free on Saturdays and Sundays, you know."

"Yes Papa," returned Paul: looking at his sister. "On Saturdays and Sundays."

"And you'll try and learn a great deal here, and be a clever man," said Mr. Dombey; "won't you?"

"I'll try," returned the child, wearily.

"And you'll soon be grown up now!" said Mr. Dombey.

"Oh! very soon!" replied the child. Once more the old, old look, passed rapidly across his features like a strange light. It fell on Mrs. Pipchin, and extinguished itself in her black dress. That excellent ogress stepped forward to take leave and to bear off Florence, which she had long been thirsting to do. The move on her part roused Mr. Dombey, whose eyes were fixed on Paul. After patting him on the head, and pressing his small hand again, he took leave of Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, and Miss Blimber, with his usual polite frigidity, and walked out of the study.

Despite his entreaty that they would not think of stirring, Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, and Miss Blimber all pressed forward to attend

him to the hall ; and thus Mrs. Pipchin got into a state of entanglement with Miss Blimber and the Doctor, and was crowded out of the study - before she could clutch Florence. To which happy accident Paul stood afterwards indebted for the dear remembrance, that Florence ran back to throw her arms round his neck, and that hers was the last face in the doorway : turned towards him with a smile of encouragement, the brighter for the tears through which it beamed.

It made his childish bosom heave and swell when it was gone ; and sent the globes, the books, blind Homer and Minerva, swimming round the room. But they stopped, all of a sudden ; and then he heard the loud clock in the hall still gravely inquiring ' how, is, my, lit, tle, friend, how, is, my, lit, tle, friend,' as it had done before.

He sat, with folded hands, upon his pedestal, silently listening. But he might have answered ' weary, weary ! very lonely, very sad ? ' And there, with an aching void in his young heart, and all outside so cold, and bare, and strange, Paul sat as if he had taken life unfurnished, and the upholsterer were never coming.

CHAPTER XII.

PAUL'S EDUCATION.

AFTER the lapse of some minutes, which appeared an immense time to little Paul Dombey on the table, Doctor Blimber came back. The Doctor's walk was stately, and calculated to impress the juvenile mind with solemn feelings. It was a sort of march ; but when the Doctor put out his right foot, he gravely turned upon his axis, with a semicircular sweep towards the left ; and when he put out his left foot, he turned in the same manner towards the right. So that he seemed, at every stride he took, to look about him as though he were saying, " Can anybody have the goodness to indicate any subject, in any direction, on which I am uninformed ? I rather think not."

Mrs. Blimber and Miss Blimber came back in the Doctor's company ; and the Doctor, lifting his new pupil off the table, delivered him over to Miss Blimber.

" *Cornelia*," said the Doctor, " Dombey will be your charge at first. Bring him on, *Cornelia*, bring him on."

Miss Blimber received her young ward from the Doctor's hands ; and Paul, feeling that the spectacles were surveying him, cast down his eyes.

" How old are you, Dombey ? " said Miss Blimber.

" Six," answered Paul, wondering, as he stole a glance at the young lady, why her hair didn't grow long like Florence's, and why she was like a boy.

" How much do you know of your Latin Grammar, Dombey ? " said Miss Blimber.

" None of it," answered Paul. Feeling that the answer was a shock to Miss Blimber's sensibility, he looked up at the three faces that were looking down at him, and said :

" I havn't been well. I have been a weak child. I couldn't learn a

Latin Grammar when I was out, every day, with old Glubb. I wish you'd tell old Glubb to come and see me, if you please."

"What a dreadfully low name!" said Mrs. Blimber. "Unclassical to a degree! Who is the monster, child?"

"What monster?" inquired Paul.

"Glubb," said Mrs. Blimber, with a great disrelish.

"He's no more a monster than you are," returned Paul.

"What!" cried the Doctor, in a terrible voice. "Aye, aye, aye? Aha! What's that?"

Paul was dreadfully frightened; but still he made a stand for the absent Glubb, though he did it trembling.

"He's a very nice old man, Ma'am," he said. "He used to draw my couch. He knows all about the deep sea, and the fish that are in it, and the great monsters that come and lie on rocks in the sun, and dive into the water again when they're startled, blowing and splashing so, that they can be heard for miles. There are some creatures," said Paul, warming with his subject, "I don't know how many yards long, and I forget their names, but Florence knows, that pretend to be in distress; and when a man goes near them, out of compassion, they open their great jaws, and attack him. But all he has got to do," said Paul, boldly tendering this information to the very Doctor himself, "is to keep on turning as he runs away, and then, as they turn slowly, because they are so long, and can't bend, he's sure to beat them. And though old Glubb don't know why the sea should make me think of my Mamma that's dead, or what it is that it is always saying—always saying!—he knows a great deal about it. And I wish," the child concluded, with a sudden falling of his countenance, and failing in his animation, as he looked like one forlorn, upon the three strange faces, "that you'd let old Glubb come here to see me, for I know him very well, and he knows me."

"Ha!" said the Doctor, shaking his head; "this is bad, but study will do much."

Mrs. Blimber opined, with something like a shiver, that he was an unaccountable child; and, allowing for the difference of visage, looked at him pretty much as Mrs. Pipchin had been used to do.

"Take him round the house, Cornelius," said the Doctor, "and familiarise him with his new sphere. Go with that young lady, Dombey."

Dombey obeyed; giving his hand to the abstruse Cornelius, and looking at her sideways, with timid curiosity, as they went away together. For her spectacles, by reason of the glistening of the glasses, made her so mysterious, that he didn't know where she was looking, and was not indeed quite sure that she had any eyes at all behind them.

Cornelius took him first to the schoolroom, which was situated at the back of the hall, and was approached through two baize doors, which deadened and muffled the young gentlemen's voices. Here, there were eight young gentlemen in various stages of mental prostration, all very hard at work, and very grave indeed. Toots, as an old hand, had a desk to himself in one corner: and a magnificent man, of immense age, he looked, in Paul's young eyes, behind it.

Mr. Feeder, B.A., who sat at another little desk, had his Virgil stop on, and was slowly grinding that tune to four young gentlemen. Of the remaining four, two, who grasped their foreheads convulsively, were

engaged in solving mathematical problems ; one with his face like a dirty window, from much crying, was endeavouring to flounder through a hopeless number of lines before dinner ; and one sat looking at his task in stoney stupefaction and despair—which it seemed had been his condition ever since breakfast time.

The appearance of a new boy did not create the sensation that might have been expected. Mr. Feeder, B.A. (who was in the habit of shaving his head for coolness, and had nothing but little bristles on it), gave him a boney hand, and told him he was glad to see him—which Paul would have been very glad to have told *him*, if he could have done so with the least sincerity. Then Paul, instructed by Cornelia, shook hands with the four young gentlemen at Mr. Feeder's desk ; then with the two young gentlemen at work on the problems, who were very feverish ; then with the young gentleman at work against time, who was very inky ; and lastly with the young gentleman in a state of stupefaction, who was flabby and quite cold.

Paul having been already introduced to Toots, that pupil merely chuckled and breathed hard, as his custom was, and pursued the occupation in which he was engaged. It was not a severe one ; for on account of his having “gone through” so much (in more senses than one), and also of his having, as before hinted, left off blowing in his prime, Toots now had license to pursue his own course of study : which was chiefly to write long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed ‘P. Toots, Esquire, Brighton, Sussex,’ and to preserve them in his desk with great care.

These ceremonies passed, Cornelia led Paul up stairs to the top of the house ; which was rather a slow journey, on account of Paul being obliged to land both feet on every stair, before he mounted another. But they reached their journey's end at last ; and there, in a front room, looking over the wild sea, Cornelia showed him a nice little bed with white hangings, close to the window, on which there was already beautifully written on a card in round text—down strokes very thick, and up strokes very fine—DOMBEY ; while two other little bedsteads in the same room were announced, through like means, as respectively appertaining unto BRIGGS and TOZER.

Just as they got down stairs again into the hall, Paul saw the weak-eyed young man who had given that mortal offence to Mrs. Pipchin, suddenly seize a very large drumstick, and fly at a gong that was hanging up, as if he had gone mad, or wanted vengeance. Instead of receiving warning, however, or being instantly taken into custody, the young man left off uncheeked, after having made a dreadful noise. Then Cornelia Blimber said to Dombey that dinner would be ready in a quarter of an hour, and perhaps he had better go into the schoolroom among his “friends.”

So Dombey, deferentially passing the great clock which was still as anxious as ever to know how he found himself, opened the schoolroom door a very little way, and strayed in like a lost boy : shutting it after him with some difficulty. His friends were all dispersed about the room except the stoney friend, who remained immovable. Mr. Feeder was stretching himself in his grey gown, as if, regardless of expence, he were resolved to pull the sleeves off.

"Heigh ho hum!" cried Mr. Feeder, shaking himself like a cart-horse. "Oh dear me, dear me! Ya-a-a-ah!"

Paul was quite alarmed by Mr. Feeder's yawning; it was done on such a great scale, and he was so terribly in earnest. All the boys too (Toots excepted) seemed knocked up, and were getting ready for dinner—some newly tying their neckcloths, which were very stiff indeed; and others washing their hands or brushing their hair, in an adjoining ante-chamber—as if they didn't think they should enjoy it at all.

Young Toots who was ready beforehand, and had therefore nothing to do, and had leisure to bestow upon Paul, said, with heavy good nature:

"Sit down, Dombey."

"Thank you, Sir," said Paul.

His endeavouring to hoist himself on to a very high window-seat, and his slipping down again, appeared to prepare Toots's mind for the reception of a discovery.

"You're a very small chap," said Mr. Toots.

"Yes, Sir, I'm small," returned Paul. "Thank you, Sir."

For Toots had lifted him into the seat, and done it kindly too.

"Who's your tailor?" inquired Toots, after looking at him for some moments.

"It's a woman that has made my clothes as yet," said Paul. "My sister's dress-maker."

"My tailor's Burgess and Co.," said Toots. "Fash'nable. But very dear."

Paul had wit enough to shake his head, as if he would have said it was easy to see *that*; and indeed he thought so.

"Your father's regularly rich, ain't he?" inquired Mr. Toots.

"Yes, Sir," said Paul. "He's Dombey and Son."

"And which?" demanded Toots.

"And Son, Sir," replied Paul.

Mr. Toots made one or two attempts, in a low voice, to fix the firm in his mind; but not quite succeeding, said he would get Paul to mention the name again to morrow morning, as it was rather important. And indeed he purposed nothing less than writing himself a private and confidential letter from Dombey and Son immediately.

By this time the other pupils (always excepting the stoney boy) gathered round. They were polite, but pale; and spoke low; and they were so depressed in their spirits, that in comparison with the general tone of that company, Master Bitherstone was a perfect Miller, or complete Jest Book. And yet he had a sense of injury upon him too, had Bitherstone.

"You sleep in my room, don't you?" asked a solemn young gentleman, whose shirt-collar curled up the lobes of his ears.

"Master Briggs?" inquired Paul.

"Tozer," said the young gentleman.

Paul answered yes; and Tozer pointing out the stoney pupil, said that was Briggs. Paul had already felt certain that it must be either Briggs or Tozer, though he didn't know why.

"Is your's a strong constitution?" inquired Tozer.

Paul said he thought not. Tozer replied that *he* thought not also, judging from Paul's looks, and that it was a pity, for it need be. He

then asked Paul if he were going to begin with Cornelia ; and on Paul saying "yes," all the young gentlemen (Briggs excepted) gave a low groan.

It was drowned in the tintinnabulation of the gong, which sounding again with great fury, there was a general move towards the dining-room ; still excepting Briggs the stoney boy, who remained where he was, and as he was ; and on its way to whom Paul presently encountered a round of bread, genteelly served on a plate and napkin, and with a silver fork lying crosswise on the top of it.

Doctor Blimber was already in his place in the dining-room, at the top of the table, with Miss Blimber and Mrs. Blimber on either side of him. Mr. Feeder in a black coat was at the bottom. Paul's chair was next to Miss Blimber ; but it being found, when he sat in it, that his eyebrows were not much above the level of the table-cloth, some books were brought in from the Doctor's study, on which he was elevated, and on which he always sat from that time—carrying them in and out himself on after occasions, like a little elephant and castle.

Grace having been said by the Doctor, dinner began. There was some nice soup; also roast meat, boiled meat, vegetables, pie, and cheese. Every young gentleman had a massive silver fork, and a napkin ; and all the arrangements were stately and handsome. In particular, there was a butler in a blue coat and bright buttons, who gave quite a winey flavor to the table beer ; he poured it out so superbly.

Nobody spoke, unless spoken to, except Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, and Miss Blimber, who conversed occasionally. Whenever a young gentleman was not actually engaged with his knife and fork or spoon, his eye, with an irresistible attraction, sought the eye of Dr. Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, or Miss Blimber, and modestly rested there. Toots appeared to be the only exception to this rule. He sat next Mr. Feeder on Paul's side of the table, and frequently looked behind and before the intervening boys to catch a glimpse of Paul.

Only once during dinner was there any conversation that included the young gentlemen. It happened at the epoch of the cheese, when the Doctor, having taken a glass of port wine, and hemmed twice or thrice, said : "It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder, that the Romans—"

At the mention of this terrible people, their implacable enemies, every young gentleman fastened his gaze upon the Doctor, with an assumption of the deepest interest. One of the number who happened to be drinking, and who caught the Doctor's eye glaring at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was convulsed for some moments, and in the sequel ruined Dr. Blimber's point.

"It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder," said the Doctor, beginning again slowly, "that the Romans, in those gorgeous and profuse entertainments of which we read in the days of the Emperors, when luxury had attained a height unknown before or since, and when whole provinces were ravaged to supply the splendid means of one Imperial Banquet—"

Here the offender, who had been swelling and straining, and waiting in vain for a full stop, broke out violently.

"Johnson," said Mr. Feeder, in a low reproachful voice, "take some water."

The Doctor, looking very stern, made a pause until the water was brought, and then resumed :

"And when, Mr. Feeder—"

But Mr. Feeder, who saw that Johnson must break out again, and who knew that the Doctor would never come to a period before the young gentlemen until he had finished all he meant to say, couldn't keep his eye off Johnson; and thus was caught in the fact of not looking at the Doctor, who consequently stopped.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Feeder, reddening. "I beg your pardon, Doctor Blimber."

"And when," said the Doctor, raising his voice, "when, Sir, as we read, and have no reason to doubt—incredible as it may appear to the vulgar of our time—the brother of Vitellius prepared for him a feast, in which were served, of fish, two thousand dishes—"

"Take some water, Johnson—dishes, Sir," said Mr. Feeder.

"Of various sorts of fowl, five thousand dishes."

"Or try a crust of bread," said Mr. Feeder.

"And one dish," pursued Doctor Blimber, raising his voice still higher as he looked all round the table, "called, from its enormous dimensions, the Shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants—"

"Ow, ow, ow!" (from Johnson.)

"Woodcocks,"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"The sounds of the fish called scari,"

"You 'll burst some vessel in your head," said Mr. Feeder. "You had better let it come."

"And the spawn of the lamprey, brought from the Carpathian Sea," pursued the Doctor, in his severest voice; "when we read of costly entertainments such as these, and still remember, that we have a *Titus*,"

"What would be your mother's feelings if you died of apoplexy!" said Mr. Feeder.

"A Domitian,"

"And you 're blue, you know," said Mr. Feeder.

"A Nero, a Tiberius, a Caligula, a Heliogabalus, and many more," pursued the Doctor; "it is, Mr. Feeder—if you are doing me the honour to attend—remarkable; *very* remarkable, Sir—"

But Johnson, unable to suppress it any longer, burst at that moment into such an overwhelming fit of coughing, that, although both his immediate neighbours thumped him on the back, and Mr. Feeder himself held a glass of water to his lips, and the butler walked him up and down several times between his own chair and the sideboard, like a sentry, it was full five minutes before he was moderately composed. Then there was a profound silence.

"Gentlemen," said Doctor Blimber, "rise for Grace! *Cornelia, lift Dombe*y down"—nothing of whom but his scalp was accordingly seen above the table-cloth. "Johnson will repeat to me to-morrow morning before breakfast, without book, and from the Greek Testament, the first epistle of Saint Paul to the Ephesians. We will resume our studies, Mr. Feeder, in half-an-hour."

The young gentlemen bowed and withdrew. Mr. Feeder did likewise. During the half hour, the young gentlemen, broken into pairs, loitered arm-in-arm, up and down a small piece of ground behind the house, or endeavoured to kindle a spark of animation in the breast of Briggs. But

nothing happened so vulgar as play. Punctually at the appointed time, the gong was sounded, and the studies, under the joint auspices of Doctor Blimber and Mr. Feeder, were resumed.

As the Olympic game of lounging up and down had been cut shorter than usual that day, on Johnson's account, they all went out for a walk before tea. Even Briggs (though he hadn't begun yet) partook of this dissipation; in the enjoyment of which he looked over the cliff two or three times darkly. Doctor Blimber accompanied them; and Paul had the honor of being taken in tow by the Doctor himself: a distinguished state of things, in which he looked very little and feeble.

Tea was served in a style no less polite than the dinner; and after tea, the young gentlemen rising and bowing as before, withdrew to fetch up the unfinished tasks of that day, or to get up the already looming tasks of to-morrow. In the meantime Mr. Feeder withdrew to his own room; and Paul sat in a corner wondering whether Florence was thinking of him, and what they were all about at Mrs. Pipchin's.

Mr. Toots, who had been detained by an important letter from the Duke of Wellington, found Paul out after a time; and having looked at him for a long while, as before, inquired if he was fond of waistcoats.

Paul, said "Yes, Sir."

"So am I," said Toots.

No word more spoke Toots that night; but he stood looking at Paul as if he liked him; and as there was company in that, and Paul was not inclined to talk, it answered his purpose better than conversation.

At eight o'clock or so, the gong sounded again for prayers in the dining-room, where the butler afterwards presided over a side table, on which bread and cheese and beer were spread for such young gentlemen as desired to partake of those refreshments. The ceremonies concluded by the Doctor's saying, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies at seven to-morrow;" and then, for the first time, Paul saw Cornelia Blimber's eye, and saw that it was upon him. When the Doctor had said these words, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies at seven to-morrow," the pupils bowed again, and went to bed.

In the confidence of their own room up-stairs, Briggs said his head ached ready to split, and that he should wish himself dead if it wasn't for his mother, and a blackbird he had at home. Tozer didn't say much, but he sighed a good deal, and told Paul to look out, for his turn would come to-morrow. After uttering those prophetic words, he undressed himself moodily, and got into bed. Briggs was in his bed too, and Paul in his bed too, before the weak-eyed young man appeared to take away the candle, when he wished them good night and pleasant dreams. But his benevolent wishes were in vain, as far as Briggs and Tozer were concerned; for Paul, who lay awake for a long while, and often woke afterwards, found that Briggs was ridden by his lesson as a nightmare: and that Tozer, whose mind was affected in his sleep by similar causes, in a minor degree, talked unknown tongues, or scraps of Greek and Latin—it was all one to Paul—which, in the silence of night, had an inexpressibly wicked and guilty effect.

Paul had sunk into a sweet sleep, and dreamed that he was walking hand in hand with Florence through beautiful gardens, when they came to a large sunflower which suddenly expanded itself into a gong, and began

to sound. Opening his eyes, he found that it was a dark, windy morning, with a drizzling rain: and that the real gong was giving dreadful note of preparation, down in the hall.

So he got up directly, and found Briggs with hardly any eyes, for nightmare and grief had made his face puffy, putting his boots on; while Tozer stood shivering and rubbing his shoulders, in a very bad humour. Poor Paul couldn't dress himself easily, not being used to it, and asked them if they would have the goodness to tie some strings for him; but as Briggs merely said "Bother!" and Tozer, "Oh yes!" he went down when he was otherwise ready, to the next story, where he saw a pretty young woman in leather gloves, cleaning a stove. The young woman seemed surprised at his appearance, and asked him where his mother was. When Paul told her she was dead, she took her gloves off, and did what he wanted; and furthermore rubbed his hands to warm them; and gave him a kiss; and told him whenever he wanted anything of that sort—meaning in the dressing way—to ask for 'Melia; which Paul, thanking her very much, said he certainly would. He then proceeded softly on his journey down-stairs, towards the room in which the young gentlemen resumed their studies, when, passing by a door that stood ajar, a voice from within cried "Is that Dombey?" On Paul replying, "Yes, Ma'am :" for he knew the voice to be Miss Blimber's: Miss Blimber said "Come in, Dombey." And in he went.

Miss Blimber presented exactly the appearance she had presented yesterday, except that she wore a shawl. Her little light curls were as crisp as ever, and she had already her spectacles on, which made Paul wonder whether she went to bed in them. She had a cool little sitting-room of her own up there, with some books in it, and no fire. But Miss Blimber was never cold, and never sleepy.

"Now, Dombey," said Miss Blimber. "I'm going out for a constitutional."

Paul wondered what that was, and why she didn't send the footman out to get it in such unfavourable weather. But he made no observation on the subject: his attention being devoted to a little pile of new books, on which Miss Blimber appeared to have been recently engaged.

"These are yours, Dombey," said Miss Blimber.

"All of 'em, Ma'am?" said Paul.

"Yes," returned Miss Blimber; "and Mr. Feeder will look you out some more very soon, if you are as studious as I expect you will be, Dombey."

"Thank you, Ma'am," said Paul.

"I am going out for a constitutional," resumed Miss Blimber; "and while I am gone, that is to say in the interval between this and breakfast, Dombey, I wish you to read over what I have marked in these books, and to tell me if you quite understand what you have got to learn. Don't lose time, Dombey, for you have none to spare, but take them down-stairs, and begin directly."

"Yes, Ma'am," answered Paul.

There were so many of them, that although Paul put one hand under the bottom book and his other hand and his chin on the top book, and hugged them all closely, the middle book slipped out before he reached the door, and then they all tumbled down on the floor. Miss Blimber said, "Oh, Dombey, Dombey, this is really very careless!" and piled them

up afresh for him ; and this time, by dint of balancing them with great nicety, Paul got out of the room, and down a few stairs before two of them escaped again. But he held the rest so tight, that he only left one more on the first floor, and one in the passage ; and when he had got the main body down into the school-room, he set off up-stairs again to collect the stragglers. Having at last amassed the whole library, and climbed into his place, he fell to work, encouraged by a remark from Tozer to the effect that he "was in for it now ;" which was the only interruption he received till breakfast time. At that meal, for which he had no appetite, everything was quite as solemn and genteel as at the others ; and when it was finished, he followed Miss Blimber up-stairs.

"Now, Dombey," said Miss Blimber. "How have you got on with those books?"

They comprised a little English, and a deal of Latin—names of things, declensions of articles and substantives, exercises thereon, and preliminary rules—a trifle of orthography, a glance at ancient history, a wink or two at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weights and measures, and a little general information. When poor Paul had spelt out number two, he found he had no idea of number one ; fragments whereof afterwards obtruded themselves into number three, which滑 into number four, which grafted itself on to number two. So that whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or hic haec hoc was troy weight, or a verb always agreed with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus a bull, were open questions with him.

"Oh, Dombey, Dombey!" said Miss Blimber, "this is very shocking."

"If you please," said Paul, "I think if I might sometimes talk a little to old Glubb, I should be able to do better."

"Nonsense, Dombey," said Miss Blimber. "I couldn't hear of it. This is not the place for Glubbs of any kind. You must take the books down, I suppose, Dombey, one by one, and perfect yourself in the day's instalment of subject A, before you turn at all to subject B. And now take away the top book, if you please, Dombey, and return when you are master of the theme."

Miss Blimber expressed her opinions on the subject of Paul's un instructed state with a gloomy delight, as if she had expected this result, and were glad to find that they must be in constant communication. Paul withdrew with the top task, as he was told, and laboured away at it, down below : sometimes remembering every word of it, and sometimes forgetting it all, and everything else besides : until at last he ventured up stairs again to repeat the lesson, when it was nearly all driven out of his head before he began, by Miss Blimber's shutting up the book, and saying, "Go on, Dombey!" a proceeding so suggestive of the knowledge inside of her, that Paul looked upon the young lady with consternation, as a kind of learned Guy Faux, or artificial Bogle, stuffed full of scholastic straw.

He acquitted himself very well, nevertheless ; and Miss Blimber, commanding him as giving promise of getting on fast, immediately provided him with subject B; from which he passed to C, and even D before dinner. It was hard work, resuming his studies, soon after dinner; and he felt giddy and confused and drowsy and dull. But all the other young gentlemen had similar sensations, and were obliged to resume their studies too,

if there were any comfort in that. It was a wonder that the great clock in the hall, instead of being constant to its first enquiry, never said, "Gentlemen, we will now resume our studies," for that phrase was often enough repeated in its neighbourhood. The studies went round like a mighty wheel, and the young gentlemen were always stretched upon it.

After tea there were exercises again, and preparations for next day by candle-light. And in due course there was bed; where, but for that resumption of the studies which took place in dreams, were rest and sweet forgetfulness.

Oh Saturdays! Oh happy Saturdays, when Florence always came at noon, and never would, in any weather, stay away, though Mrs. Pipchin snarled and growled, and worried her bitterly. Those Saturdays were Sabbaths for at least two little Christians among all the Jews, and did the holy Sabbath work of strengthening and knitting up a brother's and a sister's love.

Not even Sunday nights—the heavy Sunday nights, whose shadow darkened the first waking burst of light on Sunday mornings—could mar those precious Saturdays. Whether it was the great sea shore, where they sat, and strolled together; or whether it was only Mrs. Pipchin's dull back room, in which she sang to him so softly, with his drowsy head upon her arm; Paul never cared. It was Florence. That was all he thought of. So, on Sunday nights, when the Doctor's dark door stood agape to swallow him up for another week, the time was come for taking leave of Florence; no one else.

Mrs. Wickam had been drafted home to the house in town, and Miss Nipper, now a smart young woman, had come down. To many a single combat with Mrs. Pipchin, did Miss Nipper gallantly devote herself; and if ever Mrs. Pipchin in all her life had found her match, she had found it now. Miss Nipper threw away the scabbard the first morning she arose in Mrs. Pipchin's house. She asked and gave no quarter. She said it must be war, and war it was; and Mrs. Pipchin lived from that time in the midst of surprises, harassings, and defiance; and skirmishing attacks that came bouncing in upon her from the passage, even in unguarded moments of chops, and carried desolation to her very toast.

Miss Nipper had returned one Sunday night with Florence, from walking back with Paul to the Doctor's, when Florence took from her bosom a little piece of paper, on which she had pencilled down some words.

"See here, Susan," she said. "These are the names of the little books that Paul brings home to do those long exercises with, when he is so tired. I copied them last night while he was writing."

"Don't shew 'em to me, Miss Floy, if you please," returned Nipper, "I'd as soon see Mrs. Pipchin."

"I want you to buy them for me, Susan, if you will, to-morrow morning. I have money enough," said Florence.

"Why, goodness gracious me, Miss Floy," returned Miss Nipper, "how can you talk like that, when you have books upon books already, and masterses and mississes a teaching of you everything continual, though my belief is that your Pa, Miss Dombey, never would have learnt you nothing, never would have thought of it, unless you'd asked him—when he couldn't well refuse; but giving consent when asked, and offering when unmasked, Miss, is quite two things; I may not have my objections to a

young man's keeping company with me, and when he puts the question, may say 'yes,' but that's not saying 'would you be so kind as like me.'"

"But you can buy me the books, Susan; and you will, when you know I want them."

"Well, Miss, and why do you want 'em?" replied Nipper; adding, in a lower voice, "If it was to fling at Mrs. Pipchin's head, I'd buy a cart-load."

"I think I could perhaps give Paul some help, Susan, if I had these books," said Florence, "and make the coming week a little easier to him. At least I want to try. So buy them for me, dear, and I will never forget how kind it was of you to do it!"

It must have been a harder heart than Susan Nipper's that could have rejected the little purse Florence held out with these words, or the gentle look of entreaty with which she seconded her petition. Susan put the purse in her pocket without reply, and trotted out at once upon her errand.

The books were not easy to procure; and the answer at several shops was, either that they were just out of them, or that they never kept them, or that they had had a great many last month, or that they expected a great many next week. But Susan was not easily baffled in such an enterprise; and having entrapped a white-haired youth, in a black calico apron, from a library where she was known, to accompany her in her quest, she led him such a life in going up and down, that he exerted himself to the utmost, if it were only to get rid of her; and finally enabled her to return home in triumph.

With these treasures then, after her own daily lessons were over, Florence sat down at night to track Paul's footsteps through the thorny ways of learning; and being possessed of a naturally quick and sound capacity, and taught by that most wonderful of masters, love, it was not long before she gained upon Paul's heels, and caught and passed him.

Not a word of this was breathed to Mrs. Pipchin: but many a night when they were all in bed, and when Miss Nipper, with her hair in papers and herself asleep in some uncomfortable attitude, reposed unconscious by her side; and when the chinking ashes in the grate were cold and grey; and when the candles were burnt down and guttering out;—Florence tried so hard to be a substitute for one small Dombey, that her fortitude and perseverance might have almost won her a free right to bear the name herself.

And high was her reward, when one Saturday evening, as little Paul was sitting down as usual to "resume his studies," she sat down by his side, and showed him all that was so rough, made smooth, and all that was so dark, made clear and plain, before him. It was nothing but a startled look in Paul's wan face—a flush—a smile—and then a close embrace—but God knows how her heart leaped up at this rich payment for her trouble.

"Oh, Floy!" cried her brother. "How I love you! How I love you, Floy!"

"And I you, dear!"

"Oh! I am sure of that, Floy."

He said no more about it, but all that evening sat close by her, very quiet; and in the night he called out from his little room within hers, three or four times, that he loved her.

Regularly, after that, Florence was prepared to sit down with Paul on Saturday night, and patiently assist him through so much as they could anticipate together, of his next week's work. The cheering thought that he was labouring on where Florence had just toiled before him, would, of itself, have been a stimulant to Paul in the perpetual resumption of his studies; but coupled with the actual lightening of his load, consequent on this assistance, it saved him, possibly, from sinking underneath the burden which the fair *Cornelia Blimber* piled upon his back.

It was not that *Miss Blimber* meant to be too hard upon him, or that *Doctor Blimber* meant to bear too heavily on the young gentlemen in general. *Cornelia* merely held the faith in which she had been bred; and the Doctor, in some partial confusion of his ideas, regarded the young gentlemen as if they were all Doctors, and were born grown up. Comforted by the applause of the young gentlemen's nearest relations, and urged on by their blind vanity and ill-considered haste, it would have been strange if *Doctor Blimber* had discovered his mistake, or trimmed his swelling sails to any other tack.

Thus in the case of Paul. When *Doctor Blimber* said he made great progress, and was naturally clever, *Mr. Dombey* was more bent than ever on his being forced and crammed. In the case of *Briggs*, when *Doctor Blimber* reported that he did not make great progress yet, and was not naturally clever, *Briggs senior* was inexorable in the same purpose. In short, however high and false the temperature at which the Doctor kept his hothouse, the owners of the plants were always ready to lend a helping hand at the bellows, and to stir the fire.

Such spirits as he had in the outset, Paul soon lost of course. But he retained all that was strange, and old, and thoughtful, in his character: and under circumstances so favourable to the development of those tendencies, became even more strange, and old, and thoughtful, than before.

The only difference was, that he kept his character to himself. He grew more thoughtful and reserved, every day; and had no such curiosity in any living member of the Doctor's household, as he had had in *Mrs. Pipchin*. He loved to be alone; and in those short intervals when he was not occupied with his books, liked nothing so well as wandering about the house by himself, or sitting on the stairs, listening to the great clock in the hall. He was intimate with all the paper-hanging in the house; saw things that no one else saw in the patterns; found out miniature tigers and lions running up the bedroom walls, and squinting faces leering in the squares and diamonds of the floorcloth.

The solitary child lived on, surrounded by this arabesque work of his musing fancy, and no one understood him. *Mrs. Blimber* thought him "odd," and sometimes the servants said among themselves that little *Dombey* "moped;" but that was all.

Unless young *Toots* had some idea on the subject, to the expression of which he was wholly unequal. Ideas, like ghosts (according to the common notion of ghosts), must be spoken to a little before they will explain themselves; and *Toots* had long left off asking any questions of his own mind. Some mist there may have been, issuing from that leaden casket, his cranium, which, if it could have taken shape and form, would have become a genie; but it could not; and it only so far followed the example of the smoke in the Arabian story, as to roll out in a thick cloud, and

there hang and hover. But it left a little figure visible upon a lonely shore, and Toots was always staring at it.

"How are you?" he would say to Paul, fifty times a-day.

"Quite well, Sir, thank you," Paul would answer.

"Shake hands," would be Toots's next advance.

Which Paul, of course, would immediately do. Mr. Toots generally said again, after a long interval of staring and hard breathing, "How are you?" To which Paul again replied, "Quite well, Sir, thank you."

One evening Mr. Toots was sitting at his desk, oppressed by correspondence, when a great purpose seemed to flash upon him. He laid down his pen, and went off to seek Paul, whom he found at last, after a long search, looking through the window of his little bedroom.

"I say!" cried Toots, speaking the moment he entered the room, lest he should forget it; "what do you think about?"

"Oh! I think about a great many things," replied Paul.

"Do you, though?" said Toots, appearing to consider that fact in itself surprising.

"If you had to die," said Paul, looking up into his face—

Mr. Toots started, and seemed much disturbed.

"—Don't you think you would rather die on a moonlight night, when the sky was quite clear, and the wind blowing, as it did last night?"

Mr. Toots said, looking doubtfully at Paul, and shaking his head, that he didn't know about that.

"Not blowing, at least," said Paul, "but sounding in the air like the sea sounds in the shells. It was a beautiful night. When I had listened to the water for a long time, I got up and looked out. There was a boat over there, in the full light of the moon: a boat with a sail."

The child looked at him so steadfastly, and spoke so earnestly, that Mr. Toots, feeling himself called upon to say something about this boat, said "Smugglers." But with an impartial remembrance of there being two sides to every question, he added "or Preventive."

"A boat with a sail," repeated Paul, "in the full light of the moon. The sail like an arm, all silver. It went away into the distance, and what do you think it seemed to do as it moved with the waves?"

"Pitch," said Mr. Toots.

"It seemed to beckon," said the child, "to beckon me to come!—There she is!—There she is!"

Toots was almost beside himself with dismay at this sudden exclamation, after what had gone before, and cried "Who!"

"My sister Florence!" cried Paul, "looking up here, and waving her hand. She sees me—she sees me! Good night, dear, good night, good night!"

His quick transition to a state of unbounded pleasure, as he stood at his window, kissing and clapping his hands: and the way in which the light retreated from his features as she passed out of his view, and left a patient melancholy on the little face: were too remarkable wholly to escape even Toots's notice. Their interview being interrupted at this moment by a visit from Mrs. Pipchin, who usually brought her black skirts to bear upon Paul just before dusk, once or twice a week, Toots had no opportunity of improving the occasion; but it left so marked an impression on his mind that he twice returned, after having exchanged the

usual salutations, to ask Mrs. Pipchin how she did. This the irascible old lady conceived to be a deeply-devised and long-meditated insult, originating in the diabolical invention of the weak-cyed young man down stairs, against whom she accordingly lodged a formal complaint with Doctor Blimber that very night; who mentioned to the young man that if he ever did it again, he should be obliged to part with him.

The evenings being longer now, Paul stole up to his window every evening to look out for Florence. She always passed and repassed at a certain time, until she saw him; and their mutual recognition was a gleam of sunshine in Paul's daily life. Often after dark, one other figure walked alone before the Doctor's house. He rarely joined them on the Saturday now. He could not bear it. He would rather come unrecognised, and look up at the windows where his son was qualifying for a man; and wait, and watch, and plan, and hope.

Oh! could he but have seen, or seen as others did, the slight spare boy above, watching the waves and clouds at twilight, with his earnest eyes, and breasting the window of his solitary cage when birds flew by, as if he would have emulated them, and soared away!

CHAPTER XIII.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE AND OFFICE BUSINESS.

MR. DOMBEY's offices were in a court where there was an old-established stall of choice fruit at the corner: where perambulating merchants, of both sexes, offered for sale at any time between the hours of ten and five, slippers, pocket-books, sponges, dogs' collars, and Windsor soap; and sometimes a pointer or an oil painting.

The pointer always came that way, with a view to the Stock Exchange, where a sporting taste (originating generally in bets of new hats) is much in vogue. The other commodities were addressed to the general public; but they were never offered by the vendors to Mr. Dombey. When he appeared, the dealers in those wares fell off respectfully. The principal slipper and dogs' collar man—who considered himself a public character, and whose portrait was screwed on to an artist's door in Cheapside—threw up his forefinger to the brim of his hat as Mr. Dombey went by. The ticket-porter, if he were not absent on a job, always ran officiously before, to open Mr. Dombey's office door as wide as possible, and hold it open, with his hat off, while he entered.

The clerks within were not a whit behind-hand in their demonstrations of respect. A solemn hush prevailed, as Mr. Dombey passed through the outer office. The wit of the Counting-House became in a moment as mute, as the row of leathern fire-buckets, hanging up behind him. Such vapid and flat daylight as filtered through the ground-glass windows and skylights, leaving a black sediment upon the panes, showed the books and papers, and the figures bending over them, enveloped in a studious gloom, and as much abstracted in appearance, from the world without, as if they were assembled at the bottom of the sea; while a mouldy little strong room in the obscure perspective, where a shaded lamp was always

burning, might have represented the cavern of some ocean-monster, looking on with a red eye at these mysteries of the deep.

When Perch the messenger, whose place was on a little bracket, like a timepiece, saw Mr. Dombey come in—or rather when he felt that he was coming, for he had usually an instinctive sense of his approach—he hurried into Mr. Dombey's room, stirred the fire, quarried fresh coals from the bowels of the coal box, hung the newspaper to air upon the fender, put the chair ready, and the screen in its place, and was round upon his heel on the instant of Mr. Dombey's entrance, to take his great coat and hat, and hang them up. Then Perch took the newspaper, and gave it a turn or two in his hands before the fire, and laid it, deferentially, at Mr. Dombey's elbow. And so little objection had Perch to doing deferential in the last degree, that if he might have laid himself at Mr. Dombey's feet, or might have called him by some such title as used to be bestowed upon the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, he would have been all the better pleased.

As this honour would have been an innovation and an experiment, Perch was fain to content himself by expressing as well as he could, in his manner, You are the light of my Eyes. You are the Breath of my Soul. You are the commander of the Faithful Perch ! With this imperfect happiness to cheer him, he would shut the door softly, walk away on tiptoe, and leave his great chief to be stared at, through a dome-shaped window in the leads, by ugly chimney pots and backs of houses, and especially by the bold window of a hair-cutting saloon on a first floor, where a waxen effigy, bald as a Mussulman in the morning, and covered, after eleven o'clock in the day, with luxuriant hair and whiskers in the latest Christian fashion, showed him the wrong side of its head for ever.

Between Mr. Dombey and the common world, as it was accessible through the medium of the outer office—to which Mr. Dombey's presence in his own room may be said to have struck like damp, or cold air—there were two degrees of descent. Mr. Carker in his own office was the first step ; Mr. Morfin, in *his* own office, was the second. Each of these gentlemen occupied a little chamber like a bath room, opening from the passage outside Mr. Dombey's door. Mr. Carker, as Grand Vizier, inhabited the room that was nearest to the Sultan. Mr. Morfin, as an officer of inferior state, inhabited the room that was nearest to the clerks.

The gentleman last mentioned was a cheerful-looking, hazel-eyed elderly bachelor : gravely attired, as to his upper man, in black ; and as to his legs, in pepper and salt colour. His dark hair was just touched here and there with specks of grey, as though the tread of Time had splashed it ; and his whiskers were already white. He had a mighty respect for Mr. Dombey, and rendered him due homage ; but as he was of a genial temper himself, and never wholly at his ease in that stately presence, he was disquieted by no jealousy of the many conferences enjoyed by Mr. Carker, and felt a secret satisfaction in having duties to discharge, which rarely exposed him to be singled out for such distinction. He was a great musical amateur in his way—after business ; and had a paternal affection for his violoncello, which was once in every week transported from Islington, his place of abode, to a certain club-room hard by the Bank, where quartettes of the most tormenting and excruciating nature were executed every Wednesday evening by a private party.

Mr. Carker was a gentleman thirty-eight or forty years old, of a florid

complexion, and with two unbroken rows of glistening teeth, whose regularity and whiteness were quite distressing. It was impossible to escape the observation of them, for he showed them whenever he spoke; and bore so wide a smile upon his countenance (a smile, however, very rarely, indeed, extending beyond his mouth), that there was something in it like the snarl of a cat. He affected a stiff white cravat, after the example of his principal, and was always closely buttoned up and tightly dressed. His manner towards Mr. Dombey was deeply conceived and perfectly expressed. He was familiar with him, in the very extremity of his sense of the distance between them. "Mr. Dombey, to a man in your position from a man in mine, there is no show of subservience compatible with the transaction of business between us, that I should think sufficient. I frankly tell you, Sir, I give it up altogether. I feel that I could not satisfy my own mind; and Heaven knows, Mr. Dombey, you can afford to dispense with the endeavour." If he had carried these words about with him printed on a placard, and had constantly offered it to Mr. Dombey's perusal on the breast of his coat, he could not have been more explicit than he was.

This was Carker the Manager. Mr. Carker the Junior, Walter's friend, was his brother; two or three years older than he, but widely removed in station. The younger brother's post was on the top of the official ladder; the elder brother's at the bottom. The elder brother never gained a stave, or raised his foot to mount one. Young men passed above his head, and rose and rose; but he was always at the bottom. He was quite resigned to occupy that low condition: never complained of it: and certainly never hoped to escape from it.

"How do you do this morning?" said Mr. Carker the Manager, entering Mr. Dombey's room soon after his arrival one day: with a bundle of papers in his hand.

"How do you do, Carker?" said Mr. Dombey, rising from his chair, and standing with his back to the fire. "Have you anything there for me?"

"I don't know that I need trouble you," returned Carker, turning over the papers in his hand. "You have a committee to-day at three, you know."

"And one at three, three quarters," added Mr. Dombey.

"Catch you forgetting anything!" exclaimed Carker, still turning over his papers. "If Mr. Paul inherits your memory, he'll be a troublesome customer in the house. One of you is enough."

"You have an accurate memory of your own," said Mr. Dombey.

"Oh! I!" returned the manager. "It's the only capital of a man like me."

Mr. Dombey did not look less pompous or at all displeased, as he stood leaning against the chimney-piece, surveying his (of course unconscious) clerk, from head to foot. The stiffness and nicety of Mr. Carker's dress, and a certain arrogance of manner, either natural to him, or imitated from a pattern not far off, gave great additional effect to his humility. He seemed a man who would contend against the power that vanquished him, if he could, but who was utterly borne down by the greatness and superiority of Mr. Dombey.

"Is Morfin here?" asked Mr. Dombey after a short pause, during

which Mr. Carker had been fluttering his papers, and muttering little abstracts of their contents to himself.

"Morfin's here," he answered, looking up with his widest and most sudden smile; "humming musical recollections—of his last night's quartette party, I suppose—through the walls between us, and driving me half mad. I wish he'd make a bonfire of his violoncello, and burn his music books in it."

"You respect nobody, Carker, I think," said Mr. Dombey.

"No?" inquired Carker, with another wide and most feline show of his teeth. "Well! Not many people I believe. I wouldn't answer perhaps," he murmured, as if he were only thinking it, "for more than one."

A dangerous quality, if real; and a not less dangerous one, if feigned. But Mr. Dombey hardly seemed to think so, as he still stood with his back to the fire, drawn up to his full height, and looking at his head-clerk with a dignified composure, in which there seemed to lurk a stronger latent sense of power than usual.

"Talking of Morfin," resumed Mr. Carker, taking out one paper from the rest, "he reports a junior dead in the agency at Barbados, and proposes to reserve a passage in the Son and Heir—she'll sail in a month or so—for the successor. You don't care who goes, I suppose? We have nobody of that sort here."

Mr. Dombey shook his head with supreme indifference.

"It's no very precious appointment," observed Mr. Carker, taking up a pen, with which to endorse a memorandum on the back of the paper. "I hope he may bestow it on some orphan nephew of a musical friend. It may perhaps stop *his* fiddle-playing, if he has a gift that way. Who's that? Come in!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carker. I didn't know you were here, Sir," answered Walter, appearing with some letters in his hand, unopened, and newly arrived. "Mr. Carker the Junior, Sir—"

At the mention of this name, Mr. Carker the Manager was, or affected to be, touched to the quick with shame and humiliation. He cast his eyes full on Mr. Dombey with an altered and apologetic look, abased them on the ground, and remained for a moment without speaking.

"I thought, Sir," he said suddenly and angrily, turning on Walter, "that you had been before requested not to drag Mr. Carker the Junior into your conversation."

"I beg your pardon," returned Walter. "I was only going to say that Mr. Carker the Junior had told me he believed you were gone out, or I should not have knocked at the door when you were engaged with Mr. Dombey. These are letters for Mr. Dombey, Sir."

"Very well, Sir," returned Mr. Carker the Manager, plucking them sharply from his hand. "Go about your business."

But in taking them with so little ceremony, Mr. Carker dropped one on the floor, and did not see what he had done; neither did Mr. Dombey observe the letter lying near his feet. Walter hesitated for a moment, thinking that one or other of them would notice it; but finding that neither did, he stopped, came back, picked it up, and laid it himself on Mr. Dombey's desk. The letters were post-letters; and it happened that the one in question was Mrs. Pipchin's regular report, directed as usual—for Mrs. Pipchin was but an indifferent pen-woman—by Florence. Mr. Dombey,

having his attention silently called to this letter by Walter, started and looked fiercely at him, as if he believed that he had purposely selected it from all the rest.

"You can leave the room, Sir!" said Mr. Dombey, haughtily.

He crushed the letter in his hand; and having watched Walter out at the door, put it in his pocket without breaking the seal.

"You want somebody to send to the West Indies, you were saying," observed Mr. Dombey, hurriedly.

"Yes," replied Carker.

"Send young Gay."

"Good, very good indeed. Nothing easier," said Mr. Carker, without any show of surprise, and taking up the pen to re-indorse the letter, as coolly as he had done before. "'Send young Gay.'"

"Call him back," said Mr. Dombey.

Mr. Carker was quick to do so, and Walter was quick to return.

"Gay," said Mr. Dombey, turning a little to look at him over his shoulder. "Here is a—"

"An opening," said Mr. Carker, with his mouth stretched to the utmost.

"In the West Indies. At Barbados. I am going to send you," said Mr. Dombey, scorning to embellish the bare truth, "to fill a junior situation in the counting-house at Barbados. Let your uncle know from me, that I have chosen you to go to the West Indies."

Walter's breath was so completely taken away by his astonishment, that he could hardly find enough for the repetition of the words "West Indies."

"Somebody must go," said Mr. Dombey, "and you are young and healthy, and your uncle's circumstances are not good. Tell your uncle that you are appointed. You will not go, yet. There will be an interval of a month—or two perhaps."

"Shall I remain there, Sir?" inquired Walter.

"Will you remain there, Sir!" repeated Mr. Dombey, turning a little more round towards him. "What do you mean? What does he mean, Carker?"

"Live there, Sir," faltered Walter.

"Certainly," returned Mr. Dombey.

Walter bowed.

"That's all," said Mr. Dombey, resuming his letters. "You will explain to him in good time about the usual outfit and so forth, Carker, of course. He needn't wait, Carker."

"You needn't wait, Gay," observed Mr. Carker: bare to the gums.

"Unless," said Mr. Dombey, stopping in his reading without looking off the letter, and seeming to listen. "Unless he has anything to say."

"No, Sir," returned Walter, agitated and confused, and almost stunned, as an infinite variety of pictures presented themselves to his mind; among which Captain Cuttle, in his glazed hat, transfixed with astonishment at Mrs. Mac Stinger's, and his uncle bemoaning his loss in the little back parlour, held prominent places. "I hardly know—I—I am much obliged, Sir."

"He needn't wait, Carker," said Mr. Dombey.

And as Mr. Carker again echoed the words, and also collected his papers as if he were going away too, Walter felt that his lingering any

longer would be an unpardonable intrusion—especially as he had nothing to say—and therefore walked out quite confounded.

Going along the passage, with the mingled consciousness and helplessness of a dream, he heard Mr. Dombey's door shut again, as Mr. Carker came out: and immediately afterwards that gentleman called to him.

“Bring your friend Mr. Carker the Junior to my room, Sir, if you please.”

Walter went to the outer office and apprised Mr. Carker the Junior of his errand, who accordingly came out from behind a partition where he sat alone in one corner, and returned with him to the room of Mr. Carker the Manager.

That gentleman was standing with his back to the fire, and his hands under his coat-tails, looking over his white cravat, as unpromisingly as Mr. Dombey himself could have looked. He received them without any change in his attitude or softening of his harsh and black expression: merely signing to Walter to close the door.

“John Carker,” said the Manager, when this was done, turning suddenly upon his brother, with his two rows of teeth bristling as if he would have bitten him, “what is the league between you and this young man, in virtue of which I am haunted and hunted by the mention of your name? Is it not enough for you, John Carker, that I am your near relation and can't detach myself from that?”

“Say disgrace, James,” interposed the other in a low voice, finding that he stammered for a word. “You mean it, and have reason, say disgrace.”

“From that disgrace,” assented his brother with keen emphasis, “but is the fact to be blurted out and trumpeted, and proclaimed continually in the presence of the very House! In moments of confidence too? Do you think your name is calculated to harmonise in this place with trust and confidence, John Carker?”

“No,” returned the other. “No, James. God knows I have no such thought.”

“What is your thought, then?” said his brother, “and why do you thrust yourself in my way? Haven't you injured me enough already?”

“I have never injured you, James, wilfully.”

“You are my brother,” said the Manager. “That's injury enough.”

“I wish I could undo it, James.”

“I wish you could and would.”

During this conversation, Walter had looked from one brother to the other, with pain and amazement. He who was the Senior in years, and Junior in the house, stood, with his eyes cast upon the ground, and his head bowed, humbly listening to the reproaches of the other. Though these were rendered very bitter by the tone and look with which they were accompanied, and by the presence of Walter whom they so much surprised and shocked, he entered no other protest against them than by slightly raising his right hand in a deprecatory manner, as if he would have said “Spare me!” So, had they been blows, and he a brave man, under strong constraint, and weakened by bodily suffering, he might have stood before the executioner.

Generous and quick in all his emotions, and regarding himself as the innocent occasion of these taunts, Walter now struck in, with all the earnestness he felt.

“Mr. Carker,” he said, addressing himself to the Manager. “Indeed,

indeed, this is my fault solely. In a kind of heedlessness, for which I cannot blame myself enough, I have, I have no doubt, mentioned Mr. Carker the Junior much oftener than was necessary; and have allowed his name sometimes to slip through my lips, when it was against your expressed wish. But it has been my own mistake, Sir. We have never exchanged one word upon the subject—very few, indeed, on any subject. And it has not been,” added Walter, after a moment’s pause, “all heedlessness on my part, Sir; for I have felt an interest in Mr. Carker ever since I have been here, and have hardly been able to help speaking of him sometimes, when I have thought of him so much!”

Walter said this from his soul, and with the very breath of honour. For he looked upon the bowed head, and the downcast eyes, and upraised hand, and thought, ‘I have felt it: and why should I not avow it in behalf of this unfriended, broken man! ’

“In truth, you have avoided me, Mr. Carker,” said Walter, with the tears rising to his eyes; so true was his compassion. “I know it, to my disappointment and regret. When I first came here, and ever since, I am sure I have tried to be as much your friend, as one of my age could presume to be; but it has been of no use.”

“And observe,” said the Manager, taking him up quickly, “it will be of still less use, Gay, if you persist in forcing Mr. John Carker’s name on people’s attention. That is not the way to befriend Mr. John Carker. Ask him if he thinks it is.”

“It is no service to me,” said the brother. “It only leads to such a conversation as the present, which I need not say I could have well spared. No one can be a better friend to me:” he spoke here very distinctly, as if he would impress it upon Walter: “than in forgetting me, and leaving me to go my way, unquestioned and unnoticed.”

“Your memory not being retentive, Gay, of what you are told by others,” said Mr. Carker the Manager, warming himself with great and increased satisfaction, “I thought it well that you should be told this from the best authority,” nodding towards his brother. “You are not likely to forget it now, I hope. That’s all, Gay. You can go.”

Walter passed out at the door, and was about to close it after him, when, hearing the voice of the brothers again, and also the mention of his own name, he stood irresolutely, with his hand upon the lock, and the door ajar, uncertain whether to return or go away. In this position he could not help overhearing what followed.

“Think of me more leniently, if you can, James,” said John Carker, “when I tell you I have had—how could I help having, with my history, written here”—striking himself upon the breast, “my whole heart awakened by my observation of that boy, Walter Gay. I saw in him when he first came here, almost my other self.”

“Your other self!” repeated the Manager, disdainfully.

“Not as I am, but as I was when I first came here too; as sanguine, giddy, youthful, inexperienced; flushed with the same restless and adventurous fancies; and full of the same qualities, fraught with the same capacity of leading on to good or evil.”

“I hope not,” said his brother, with some hidden and sarcastic meaning in his tone.

“You strike me sharply; and your hand is steady, and your thrust is

very deep," returned the other, speaking (or so Walter thought) as if some cruel weapon actually stabbed him as he spoke. "I imagined all this when he was a boy. I believed it. It was a truth to me. I saw him lightly walking on the edge of an unseen gulf where so many others walk with equal gaiety, and from which—"

"The old excuse," interrupted his brother as he stirred the fire. "So many. Go on. Say, so many fall."

"From which ONE traveller fell," returned the other, "who set forward, on his way, a boy like him, and missed his footing more and more, and slipped a little and a little lower, and went on stumbling still, until he fell headlong and found himself below, a shattered man. Think what I suffered, when I watched that boy."

"You have only yourself to thank for it," returned the brother.

"Only myself," he assented with a sigh. "I don't seek to divide the blame or shame."

"You *have* divided the shame," James Carker muttered through his teeth. And, through so many and such close teeth, he could mutter well.

"Ah James," returned his brother, speaking for the first time in an accent of reproach, and seeming, by the sound of his voice, to have covered his face with his hands, "I have been, since then, a useful foil to you. You have trodden on me freely, in your climbing up. Don't spurn me with your heel!"

A silence ensued. After a time, Mr. Carker the Manager was heard rustling among his papers, as if he had resolved to bring the interview to a conclusion. At the same time his brother withdrew nearer to the door.

"That's all," he said. "I watched him with such trembling and such fear, as was some little punishment to me, until he passed the place where I first fell; and then, though I had been his father, I believe I never could have thanked God more devoutly. I didn't dare to warn him, and advise him; but if I had seen direct cause, I would have shown him my example. I was afraid to be seen speaking with him, lest it should be thought I did him harm, and tempted him to evil, and corrupted him: or lest I really should. There may be such contagion in me; I don't know. Piece out my history, in connexion with young Walter Gay, and what he has made me feel; and think of me more leniently, James, if you can."

With these words he came out to where Walter was standing. He turned a little paler when he saw him there, and paler yet when Walter caught him by the hand, and said in a whisper:

"Mr. Carker, pray let me thank you! Let me say how much I feel for you! How sorry I am, to have been the unhappy cause of all this! How I almost look upon you now as my protector and guardian! How very, very much, I feel obliged to you and pity you!" said Walter squeezing both his hands, and hardly knowing, in his agitation, what he did or said.

Mr. Morfin's room being close at hand and empty, and the door wide open, they moved thither by one accord: the passage being seldom free from some one passing to or fro. When they were there, and Walter saw in Mr. Carker's face some traces of the emotion within, he almost felt as if he had never seen the face before; it was so greatly changed.

"Walter," he said, laying his hand on his shoulder. "I am far removed from you, and may I ever be. Do you know what I am?"

"What you are!" appeared to hang on Walter's lips, as he regarded him attentively.

"It was begun," said Carker, "before my twenty-first birthday—led up to, long before, but not begun till near that time. I had robbed them when I came of age. I robbed them afterwards. Before my twenty-second birthday, it was all found out; and then, Walter, from all men's society, I died."

Again his last few words hung trembling upon Walter's lips, but he could neither utter them, nor any of his own.

"The House was very good to me. May Heaven reward the old man for his forbearance! This one, too, his son, who was then newly in the firm, where I had held great trust! I was called into that room which is now his—I have never entered it since—and came out, what you know me. For many years I sat in my present seat, alone as now, but then a known and recognized example to the rest. They were all merciful to me, and I lived. Time has altered that part of my poor expiation; and I think, except the three heads of the House, there is no one here who knows my story rightly. Before the little boy grows up, and has it told to him, my corner may be vacant. I would rather that it might be so! This is the only change to me since that day, when I left all youth, and hope, and good men's company, behind me in that room. God bless you, Walter! Keep you, and all dear to you, in honesty, or strike them dead!"

Some recollection of his trembling from head to foot, as if with excessive cold, and of his bursting into tears, was all that Walter could add to this, when he tried to recall exactly what had passed between them.

When Walter saw him next, he was bending over his desk in his old silent, drooping, humbled way. Then, observing him at his work, and feeling how resolved he evidently was that no further intercourse should arise between them, and thinking again and again on all he had seen and heard that morning in so short a time, in connection with the history of both the Carkers, Walter could hardly believe that he was under orders for the West Indies, and would soon be lost to Uncle Sol, and Captain Cuttle, and to glimpses few and far between of Florence Dombey—no, he meant Paul—and to all he loved, and liked, and looked for, in his daily life.

But it was true, and the news had already penetrated to the outer office; for while he sat with a heavy heart, pondering on these things, and resting his head upon his arm, Perch the messenger, descending from his mahogany bracket, and jogging his elbow, begged his pardon, but wished to say in his ear, Did he think he could arrange to send home to England a jar of preserved Ginger, cheap, for Mrs. Perch's own eating, in the course of her recovery from her next confinement?

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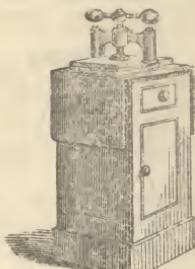
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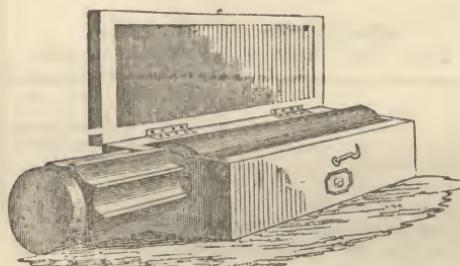
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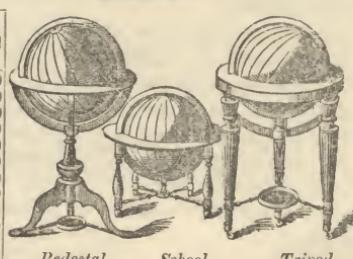
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FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

FIFTEEN years have now elapsed since the commencement of our literary labours. The present number of the Journal is the beginning of our sixteenth year. Fifteen years are a considerable section of time, and witness many changes which, however inadequately appreciated as they occur, assume a degree of importance in the retrospect. We may be said to have seen two generations change their character. Those who, fifteen years ago, were babies dandled in the nurse's arms, are now young men and women about to enter into active life; those who were then boys, are now men; lads just emerging from school and college, are now grave papas of thirty years and upwards; and misses with red shoes are no longer romps, but mothers of families, engaged in the high consideration of finishing establishments for daughters and professions for sons. By many our paper must be looked upon as a prodigiously old concern: they will profess having seen it as long as they can remember. "I have read you ever since I was a boy," said a gentleman of portly bearing to us one day—the lapse of time had never before been presented so palpably to the eye. We began forthwith to consider ourselves as somewhat aged persons.

And yet the progress of years is felt by us in no other way than in the consciousness of an increased desire to work out the purposes for which the present work was established. It is now so long since we told what these purposes were, that many who have not followed us from the commencement are apt to form incorrect impressions on the subject, and to recommend plans inconsistent with our principles of management. In February, 1832, the object of this Publication was stated in the following terms: "The grand leading principle by which I am actuated, is to take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction which at present exists; to supply to that appetite food of the best kind, and in such a form, and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions. Every Saturday, when the labourer draws his humble earnings, he shall have it in his power to purchase, with an insignificant portion of even that humble sum, a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction: nay, every schoolboy shall be able to purchase, with his pocket-money, something permanently useful—something calculated to influence his fate through life—instead of the trash upon which the grown children of the present day were wont to expend it. The scheme of diffusing knowledge has certainly more than once been attempted on respectable principles, yet the great end has not been gained. The strongholds of ignorance, though not unassailed, remain still to be carried. Carefully eschewing the errors into which others have unfortunately fallen, I take a course altogether novel; and nothing could afford me more unmitigated pleasure than to learn that CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL yielded equal edification and delight to the highest conservative party in the state, and to the boldest advocate of a universal democracy; or was read with as much avidity at the cheerless firesides of the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry, as at those of the more highly cultivated Presbyterian cottars of my native land."

This frank avowal that our paper was to be addressed to *all*; that it should, as far as possible, avoid topics and allusions of a controversial nature, met with general sympathy and approbation; and it seems scarcely necessary to explain that, by adhering to these maxims throughout, while keeping at the same time a-head in questions of social economy, the work has attained its present well-known large circulation, and has survived amidst the wreck of numerous competitors. It is our firm conviction that any attempt to alter our plans, in order to please the fancies of any sect, party, or individual, would be attended by failure. The many would be lost for the sake of the few who would be gained, and the work would soon dwindle into deserved insignificance. So much we say in all friendliness to those who seem inclined to fasten upon us functions for which we have no vocation. No, no; we must decline usurping the mission of the politician and the divine; we must leave the newspaper and the evangelical magazines to follow out their respective aims. To us, be it enough that we hold by the original charter of our constitution. CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL shall never be written for this or that country, or to meet this or that fashion of opinion, but remain to the end what it has been from the beginning—a LITERARY MISCELLANY, aspiring to inculcate the highest order of morals, universal brotherhood, and charity; to present exalted views of Creative Wisdom and Providential Care; and to impart correct—or at all events earnest and carefully formed—ideas on subjects of economic or general concern; endeavouring at the same time to raise no false expectations, to outrage no individual opinion, and to keep out of sight everything that would set mankind by the ears.

It is so far favourable to the performance of these resolutions, that our task is becoming daily more easy, in consequence of society having outlived differences which used to excite hostile and unpleasant emotions. Much clearer views are now entertained on subjects that were formerly treated with comparative indifference. Great, for example, have been the advances since 1832 with respect to the accountability and punishment of criminals, the treatment of the poor and the insane, the temperance cause, the education and management of infants, the preservation of peace and repression of war, the commercial intercourse among nations, the transmission of letters by post, the abolition of exclusive monopolies and privileges, the slave trade and slavery, the shortening of the hours of labour and other means of insuring health, the sanitary improvement of towns, and, generally speaking, every thing which tends to elevate the mental condition of the people. With regard to the advances contemporaneously made in the arts, they are in themselves a wonder, and inspire the highest hopes of what is yet in store for busy and energetic-minded England.

But the necessary meliorations are not all completed. Society is only growing up to a due perception of many things which it is desirable to rectify for the sake of general happiness. The question of national education cannot now rest till divested of narrow views, and placed on a broad practical basis. This, we expect, will be the great work of the ensuing ten years. The condition of the accumulating masses of poor in large towns is likewise a problem requiring much consideration. A reorganization of rural management is evidently necessary, for it is intimately connected with the subsistence of the people. Many other things requiring to be considered and amended will occur to every one, and so far as any of these momentous questions fall within the scope of our paper, they will as usual engage a due degree of attention. Nor will less interesting matters connected with the feelings and affections, along with all proper subjects of amusement and instruction, cease to form a principal part of our material. While helping the world on its way, in as far as our poor abilities serve, we can still promise to entertain the young, to cheer the desponding, and to recommend love and kindness among all.

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The fond and fairy hearer,
Whose beauty is so young,
Thinks never whisper dearer,
Found music on the tongue:
Thinks never whisper dearer,
Found music on the tongue.

One hour past, her being
Was girlish as her brow;
But all her heart is seeing.
Another picture now!
Her woman's love is shining,
Her eyes of beauty speak;
See kindled hope reclining,
In blushes on her cheek!
See kindled hope reclining,
In blushes on her cheek!

Fast whirls along the dancing,
Quick twinkle winning feet;
But faster, eyes are glancing,
And quicker pulses beat!
The girl who went to glisten,
Amid the starry grove,
Has paus'd to look and listen,
And learn'd a woman's love!
Has paus'd to look and listen,
And learn'd a woman's love!

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On yon mountain frowns a castle,
Wreath'd with gold its portals shine;
In yon valley smiles a cottage,
Roses sweet its porch entwine.
Wealth and pride dwell in those turrets,
Humble hearts the cottage rove,
Strife and hate are in the castle,
In the cottage peace and love.

Silked floors adorn that castle,
Banner decks its topmost tower;
Sand of snow bestrews the cottage,
In its lattice many a flower.
Other hearts seek in that castle,
Pomp with anguish interwove,
Mine the poor and humble cottage,
Richer far in peace and love!

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Your future lot I'll plainly show;
'Tis mine to tell whate'er's decreed,
Come here, come here, your fortunes read.
Each star and sign is known to me,
Each secret spell, on land or sea.
I ne'er betray by word or look;
You all may trust the gipsy's book.
Come hither, maidens! a smile bestow,
Your future lot I'll plainly show;
'Tis mine to tell whate'er's decreed,
Come here, come here, your fortunes read.
Look up fair maidens! the sky is bright;
The young moon shines with tender light;
A fav'ring hour for those who love;
Come here, come here, my power to prove.
Ne'er droop or fear, no harm will pass,
Behold! consult my magic glass,
I ne'er betray by word or look,
You all may trust the gipsy's book,
Come hither, maidens! &c.

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Brightly the moon, love,
Gleams o'er the sea:
O'er the Lagoon, love,
Come, come with me;
Far from the world o'er the waters we'll roam,
Seeking delight in some green island home:
Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,
And pleasure calls, love, far o'er the sea.
Fear not the storm, love,
Heed not the wave;
Hope's star shall light us—
Tempests to brave.
While in each other's fond looks we repose,
Love, tranquil seas, and soft winds, shall disclose,
Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,
And pleasure calls love o'er the sea.

Life's but a breath, love,
Fortune's may change;
Never can our hearts, love,
Their truth estrange.
Closer we'll cling from dark sorrows and tear,
Nestling like birds when the tempest is near.
Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,
And pleasure calls, love, far o'er the sea.
Wake from thy slumbers,
Wake, love, awake!
Haste o'er the waters
Ere morning break!
Night and the moonbeams invite us to flee—
O'er the glad waters, O, fly, love, with me.
Then, come, love, come to some sunbright isle,
Where peace and pleasures ever smile.

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A maiden sought the dewy grove,
When morn woke earth to joy;
Her recent path, there then pursued
A brave young hunter boy.
When in the grove, the youth enquir'd
"Sweet maid, what dost thou there?"
She answered straight, "to gather wood
I to the wood repair."
He said, "ah let the branch uncurl'd
Beside its parent lie;
Come! I would taste thy ruby lip,
And smile into thine eye."
"Go, leave me!" cried the laughing maid
"These eyes are liquid blue,
The hunter's badge is green or grey,
Then green grey eyes for you!"
"O cunning scholar," answer'd he,
Your reas'ning holds not true,
Dost see where now yon bird I shoot,
Is not that heaven blue?
"But let me win thy dainty kiss,
And laugh into these eyes;
They, too, afford a heav'nly bliss,
A nearer paradise."
"Then kiss and smile, if both thou wilt,
But kiss and smile with truth;
Nor darken with Dishonor's cloud,
The pure bright heav'n of youth."

ROSLIE.

Composed by A. M. R. BARRET.
Written by J. W. LAKE.

Forget thee! no, my Rosalie,
I never can forget
Those hours so sweet to memory,
When we were children yet.
When hand and heart together wove,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
We lov'd unknoing what was love,
My charming Rosalie.
When hand and heart together wove, &c.
Forget thee! no, my Rosalie,
'Tis not my faith to prove;
Thou mak'st this fond reproach to me,
'Tis but a wile of love!
Thy woman's heart such doubt disowns,
Thou know'st it cannot be;
I would not for a thousand thrones
Forget thee! no, my Rosalie!

WHEN THE HEART IS FOND
AND TRUE!

Composed by A. M. R. BARRET.

Written by J. HURREY.

When the heart is fond and true,
Sweetly, time is flying;
When your lover comes to woo,
Gaily, fondly sighing;
Vows of promise charm the soul,
Joy will dance before ye;
And the god of love well pleased,
Will keep watching o'er ye.
When the heart is fond and true, &c.
Then life's full of golden dreams,
Free from care and sorrow;
And the heart, from future scenes,
Sunny hopes will borrow!
Earth will like a heaven be,
Full of joy and gladness;
And the world will seem to bear
Not a shade of sadness!
When the heart is fond and true,
Sweetly time is flying;
When your lover comes to woo,
Gaily, fondly sighing;
Thoughts of bliss will charm the soul,
Hope shine bright before ye;
And Heav'n itself will seem to smile
In approbation o'er ye!

NAY, SMILE AGAIN!*

Arranged by H. FARMER.
Written by J. L. FORREST.

Nay smile again! 'tis joy to me
To gaze on that fair open brow,
And mark the silent witchery
That breathes so sweetly round it now.
That smile again! its sparkling grace
Recalls bright thoughts of happier years,
Ere grief had dimm'd that joyous face,
Or fill'd those soft blue eyes with tears.
Nay smile again, 'tis joy to me, &c.
Then smile again! such glorious light
Is shed around that placid face,
When sadness wings her sullen flight.
And joy sits thron'd in beaming grace.
But smile again! Oh, smile again!
For ere the passing radiance flies
My soul would gaze, and gazing fain
Find Heav'n within those lustrous eyes!
Nay smile again! 'tis joy to me, &c.

* The melody of this beautiful Ballad is taken from Jullien's celebrated Bridal Waltz.

CONTENTS OF
JULLIEN'S ALBUM FOR 1847.

VOCAL.

		Written by	Composed by
The First Lesson,		... <i>F. W. N. Bayley</i> , ¹	<i>Balfe.</i>
When the Heart is fond and true,		... <i>J. Hurrey</i> ,	<i>A. M. R. Barret.</i>
The Fortune teller,		... <i>G. Linley</i> ,	<i>Thomas Baker.</i>
The Maid of Aragon,		... <i>J. Hurrey</i> ,	<i>Alexander Lee.</i>
Nay smile again,		Arranged from Juillien's <i>Celebrated Bridal Waltz</i> , by <i>J. L. Forrest</i> , ²	
O meet me in the flowery dell,		... <i>J. Hurrey</i> ,	<i>J. L. Hatton.</i>
The Castle and the Cottage,		... <i>E. Fitzball</i> ,	<i>Balfe.</i>
Still dearer unto me,		... <i>J. Hurrey</i> , ³	<i>Thomas Baker.</i>
The Lily of the Valley,		... <i>R. Gilfillan</i> ,	<i>J. P. Knight.</i>
Rosalie		... <i>J. W. Lake</i> ,	<i>A. M. R. Barret.</i>
If I sing my Love at Morning,		... <i>F. W. N. Bayley</i> , ⁴	<i>Balfe.</i>
Come o'er the Sea,		... <i>Desmond Ryan</i> ,	<i>Rock-Albert.</i>
The Preference,		... <i>F. W. N. Bayley</i> , ⁵	<i>Balfe.</i>
England,		... <i>Talhaiarn</i> ,	<i>H. Farmer.</i>
Master Crow and the Fox,		... <i>Albert Smith</i> ,	<i>M. XXX.</i>
Where my palette,	the English Version by	... <i>J. W. Mould</i> ,	<i>Jose Gomis.</i>
O, Love hath every changing,	"	Idem.	Idem.
The Last of the Carnival,	"	"	<i>G. Duprez.</i>
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Heart's by deep anguish bent,	"	... <i>J. W. Mould</i> ,	<i>R. Stæpel.</i>
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INSTRUMENTAL.

The Crusader's Quadrille, (on Subjects from Benedict's Opera,	Jullien.
The Witches' in Macbeth Waltz,	... R. Støpел.
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The Carnival Polka,	... Schulz.
The Mazourka Quadrille,	... Jullien.
Adrienne Valse,	... A. M. R. Barret.
La Fin du Bal Galop,	... <i>Idem.</i>
The Cricket Polka,	... Jullien.
The Hyacinth Waltz,	... Kænig.
The British Army Quadrille,	... Jullien.
Styrienne,	... A. M. R. Barret.
The American Polka,	... Jullien.
The German Polka,	... Kærig.
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MALE TABLE.				FEMALE TABLE.			
AGE	In Offices using the common Northampton Table	For the same Premium may be insured in the Eagle	Fixed, immediate and irrevocable Bonus secured by selection of the Eagle	AGE	In Offices using the common Northampton Table	For the same Premium may be Insured in the Eagle	Fixed, immediate and irrevocable Bonus secured by selection of the Eagle
10	£5000	£5771	£771	20	£5000	£6212	£1212
20	5000	5127	127	30	5000	6188	1188
30	5000	5363	363	40	5000	6174	1174
40	5000	5279	279	50	5000	6045	1045
50	5000	4910	none	60	5000	5558	558

From the distinction of the Sexes, the Tables are so various and voluminous, that it is impossible to insert more than specimens of the decennial periods in this notice, but full details may be known by application at the Office.

**A TABLE shewing the Payments required to assure £100.
ON THE DEATH OF A MALE.**

AGE next Birth- day.	If within One Year, not renewable	If within Seven Years Ann. Payment renewable for 7 Years only	WHENEVER IT MAY HAPPEN						
			Payable Annually for 5 Years only		Payable Annually for 10 Years only		Payable for the Whole of Life		
			Quarterly	Half-yearly	Yearly				
10	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	
10	0 13 4	0 13 9	8 3 6	4 9 0	0 8 3	0 16 5	1 12 7		
20	1 2 1	1 6 3	9 15 3	5 9 2	0 10 10	1 1 6	2 2 6		
30	1 10 9	1 12 2	10 17 6	5 19 10	0 12 8	1 5 3	2 9 10		
40	1 15 4	1 17 4	12 10 9	6 18 7	0 16 6	1 12 8	3 2 4		
50	2 3 5	2 12 3	14 18 9	8 9 6	1 3 8	2 6 11	4 12 4		
60	3 17 1	4 7 11	17 19 3	10 10 6	1 15 9	3 10 8	6 18 2		

ON THE DEATH OF A FEMALE.

AGE next Birth- day.	If within One Year, not renewable	If within Seven Years Ann. Payment renewable for 7 Years only	WHENEVER IT MAY HAPPEN						
			Payable Annually for 5 Years only		Payable Annually for 10 Years only		Payable for the Whole of Life		
			Quarterly	Half-yearly	Yearly				
10	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	
10	0 13 0	0 13 9	7 8 9	4 0 11	0 7 2	0 14 2	1 8 1		
20	1 1 0	1 5 0	8 15 4	4 16 0	0 8 11	0 17 9	1 15 1		
30	1 7 0	1 8 9	10 0 7	5 10 6	0 11 0	1 1 10	2 3 2		
40	1 13 1	1 13 9	11 13 1	6 8 7	0 14 0	1 7 10	2 15 0		
50	1 15 11	1 17 3	13 15 9	7 13 0	0 19 2	1 18 0	3 15 0		
60	2 15 2	3 7 0	16 17 0	9 11 9	1 9 6	2 18 4	5 14 7		

TABLE of the Annual Payment required to be made during Marriage to secure an Annuity of £100 to the Wife in the event of the decease of the Husband.

The Annuity selected for illustration is £100.; but any less or larger amount may be secured: the rates vary with every combination of Age, The exact amount may be known by communicating to the Office the date of birth of each party. This mode of Assurance is useful where a Widow only is to be provided for.

AGE of WIFE.	AGE OF HUSBAND.				
	Equal Age with the Wife.	5 Years older than Wife	10 Years older than Wife.	15 Years older than Wife.	20 Years older than Wife.
20	35 4 6	37 13 8	41 13 3	48 1 5	57 4 5
30	34 17 5	40 4 0	48 3 7	59 16 3	77 17 0
40	38 2 4	47 13 3	63 4 10	83 5 7	107 8 7
50	47 1 11	62 16 1	82 3 2	112 12 4	153 14 0
60	56 3 7	78 6 4	108 13 2	150 16 10	234 12 9

**Form of a Proposal
TO THE EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

*The Name, Residence, and Profession, of the Person in whose behalf the Policy is to be.
The Name, Residence, and Profession, of the Person whose Life is proposed for Insurance.
The Place and Date of Birth. Term of the proposed Insurance. Amount.
The Name and Address of the ordinary Medical Attendant of the Life to be Insured.
The Name and Address of a private Friend.*

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If you want a nice Shoe or a neat-looking Boot,
E. MOSES and Son's is the Warehouse to suit,
Here ladies and gentlemen always may meet
With articles such as will honour

The Feet.

If you entertain any respect for your calves,
Come to MOSES', whose articles ne'er rip in halves.
Come to MOSES', who "drain" not your purse to its "dregs,"
To MOSES', whose Trowsers will honour

The Legs.

If you need a choice Waistcoat, unequalled in style,
Go to MOSES and Son, at their vast trading pile!
In cloth and in workmanship, fashion and taste,
The Waistcoats of MOSES will honour

The Waist.

If you want a prime Coat (whether greatcoat or dress)
Wear a coat made by MOSES—and pay a deal less.
In nothing do MOSES and Son ever lack,
But all folks admit that they honour

The Back.

If you want a choice Hat in addition to these,
At MOSES and Son's you'll be suited with ease;
As a Hat-Mart the fame of this Warehouse is spread,
And every one owns that it honours

The Head.

E. MOSES and Son beg to direct attention to their admirable Winter Costumes, which for cheapness, fashion, workmanship, and general excellence of quality are not to be equalled.

LIST OF PRICES.

Made to Measure.

	£	s.	d.
Chesterfields and Codringtons	from	0	16 6
Pelto, velvet collar and cuffs		1	4 0
Milled Cloth Overcoats, in every pattern}	2	5 0	
and shape			
Sporting Coats		0	12 6
Dress Coats		1	10 0
" First and best quality		2	15 0
Frock Coats		1	12 0
" First and best		3	3 0
Rich Patter Vest		0	8 0
Cassimere Cloth		0	8 6
Dress Cassimere		0	13 6
Plain or Figured Satin		0	12 6
Doeskin or Cassimere Trowsers		0	12 6
Boot or Dress		1	6 0
Boys' Hussar and Tunic Suits		1	8 0

Ready Made.

	£	s.	d.
Dress Coats	from	1	0 0
" Extra Superfine		1	15 0
Frock Coat		1	4 0
Extra Superfine		1	15 0
Roll Collar Vest		0	2 6
Double-breasted ditto		0	3 6
French Satin black and fancy		0	6 6
Rich Silk Velvet		0	12 6
Cloth and Cassimere		0	4 0
Tweed Trowsers, lined		0	4 6
Black Cassimere or Doeskin		0	9 6
Pilot Cloth		0	8 6
	WINTER COATS.		
Chesterfields and Taglions		0	9 6
Ruskin Envelopes		1	6 0
Milled Cloth Great Coat		1	12 0
Boys' Tunic and Hussar Suits		0	17 6

Mourning to any extent can be had at Five Minutes' notice.

A New Work, with detailed List of Prices, and full directions for Self-Measurement, entitled "Costume Castle," may be had on application, or forwarded post free.

Important.—Any article purchased or ordered, if not approved of, may be exchanged, or, if preferred, the money returned.

E. MOSES and Son, Tailors, Woollen Drapers, Clothiers, Hosiery, Hatters, Furriers, Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, and General Outfitters, for Ladies and Gentlemen, 154, 155, 156, and 157, Minories, and 83, 84, 85, and 86, Aldgate, City, London.

Observe.—This Establishment has no connexion with any other House, in or out of London, and those who desire genuine cheap clothing, &c., should, to prevent disappointment, call at or send to E. MOSES and Son's, Minories and Aldgate, City, London.

N.B. This Establishment closes on Fridays at sunset, till Saturday sunset, when business is resumed till Twelve o'clock,